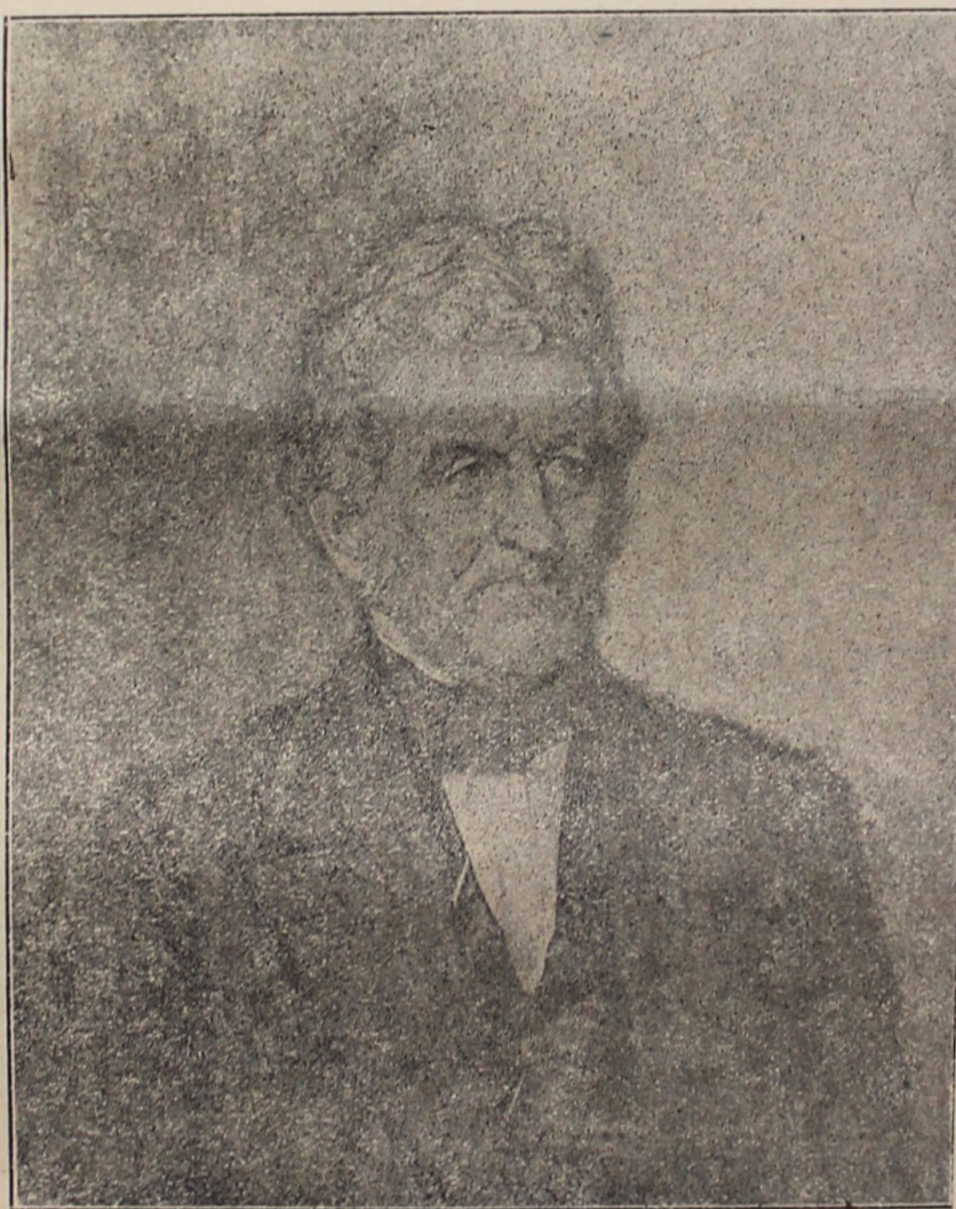


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PROF. ROBERT HARE.

An Exponent of the
Philosophy of Life.



HARPER ILL'S SYN COL'S OX

Department of Astrology

Persons desiring information on subjects connected with this department will address their communications Editor Astrological Department, Light of Truth Publishing Co., 313 to 315 N. Front St., Columbus, O.

A CRITICAL INTRODUCTORY TO THE STUDY OF ASTROLOGY

BY

JULIUS ERICKSON.

In opening a subject so complex and so grand as that presented in the arcana of astrology, one is beset by doubt as to what to say and how to say it. The members of the great family of "Occult Science" readers this subject, I have no doubt, must appeal in a peculiarly significant manner, for its readers are pre-eminently the students, the philosophers, and the progressive thinkers of our lives. These are the people that blaze the way and form that vast body of mankind comprising the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." From these people spring our thinkers, our explorers in that vast, immeasurable, infinite realm of occult manifestation. These are the people from whom comes a Galileo, a Bruno, Kepler, Fulton, Franklin or a Morse. These are the explorers in the domain of science. And to read the stories of the early trials of these men recalls vivid memories of dark gloomy dungeons, villification, abuse, and base contumely, and at last for one a burning flame. Encircling human form divine
A funeral pyre, didst illuminate the starry clime—

Alas! Poor Giordano Bruno.

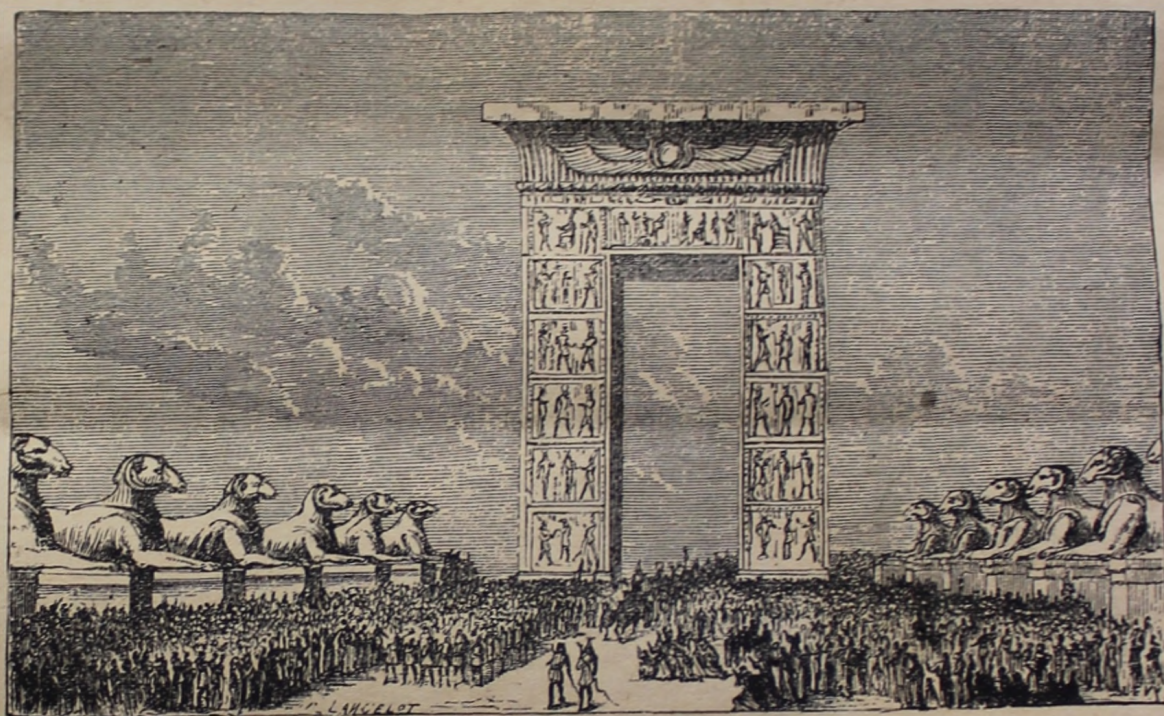
Yes, even at a later day the fingers of scorn were pointed at another, and people cried in vain derision "Fulton, the Fool!" "Morse, the dreaming visionary!" "Franklin, the kite man!" I have written of these things in order to lead you gradually to that other realm of science—the domain of "occult science," and particularly to the branch which I shall endeavor to exemplify through the columns of this journal—astrology. It will be necessary in dealing with this subject, involving, as it does, the very laws of nature and the whole domain of "universal" law as expressed throughout the ambient, to trace some of its earliest history and to find corroborative data preserved in the hieroglyphs of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Chaldea, and even further back; back to the dawn of India's mighty sway, birthplace of humanity and home of occult lore. In various parts of India numerous explorations have uncovered vast tomes of astronomical and astrological researches, their sacred and profane history abounds in astrological reference, and to this day among the initiates it is still cultivated, though shorn of many of its ancient beauties. Amongst the early Indians or Hindoos learning was confined exclusively to the higher castes or the Brahmin priesthood, and the masses were held in abject submission to this priesthood or "pundits" in much the same manner that the Jews were held by the Egyptians or Babylonians. After centuries upon centuries of undisputed power the priesthood who formed the circle of astrologers, as evidenced by the fact that every festival held was regulated by the annual appearance of some star or planet, became corrupt and licentious, and from a state of purity gradually descended to grosser forms of worship, thus gradually losing the inner spiritual beauties of their divine worship, or the

worship of the stars, not as individual entities, however, but as an expression of the whole or spiritual part of the divine Brahma, who in himself formed the head of the Hindoo trinity of Brahma, Vischnou and Siva, personifying the creative, preservative and destructive principle of the universe, manifested yearly throughout the operation of the physical, material laws of nature. This triune was later incorporated into the Egyptian godhead and still later became the Christian trinity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. This trinity forms the basic principle of the harmonious or perfect triune of astrology; observe the application. Brahma, Vischnou and Siva, the three, trinity or trine, the three are always in harmony, always together. So, too, a planet in the sign "Aries," the ram or head—seat of power, of intellect and

planes, Heaven (shauer) Aether, (Bhauvah), Earth (Bhauar), is offered up in a manner to propitiate the kindly influence of the spiritual manifestations of heaven or the heavens, or stars, magnetically upon the aether or our spiritual, magnetic, atmospherical envelope, or currents surrounding and permeating the earth. Here we have the completion of the harmonious trine: From heaven—i. e., the stars, meaning the influence of the stars—to aether, to earth! (Perhaps some captious critic will interject an objection to the term "influence" used in this connection. If so, let him turn to Job xxxviii, 31, and notice this: "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" thus showing that they understood the astrological causes which create certain favorable and unfavorable conditions upon the earth's currents thereby acting upon humanity in an electrical, spiritual manner, causing certain effects to manifest themselves in obedience to some other agitation produced by the stars or heaven, all of which are acting in accordance with a certain fixed law of universal intelligence—the intelligence which can not err, and, erring not, must be perfection itself and the material expression of the harmonies of the universe.) In the wondrous Cave of Elephants is still to be seen the hieroglyphical characterization of the divine

mer from the ridge of the Libyan mountains like the quivering of moonlight on the bosom of the Nile; then rising with full majesty, in the panoply of power, the "god of day" pours out a flood of warm and radiant light, and with grandest accolade salutes the graven statues in the avenue of "Rams."

Then a burst of martial music fills the vernal air, and with trumpets, flutes and drums the populace join in welcoming back the glorious herald of spring. This is the symbolic representation of the entry of the sun—Osiris—in the cardinal equinoctial sign "Aries," or the Ram. And these statues were erected in honor of the astrological deity—the Ram. This annual event was made the occasion of praise, feasting and music in commemoration of the return of Osiris to the house of his "exaltation" or renewal of strength, for from this period on until the autumnal equinox the "power" of the sun—Osiris—increases; therefore, this avenue of Rams symbolizes the cardinal principle of the returning "strength of the sun." We will now turn our attention to the monuments of Egypt, the Pyramids, whose sides depict the perfect, harmonious trine. Exploration in the pyramids at Gizeh shows that six of them have openings facing the north, and the galleries descend at an angle of approximately 26



AVENUE OF RAMS, KARNAC.

spiritual development is in true with one in Leo the lion, or the heart, seat of goodness, purity and kindliness. Thus the head and heart must be in harmony to produce pure minds and pure hearts. These two signs, Aries and Leo, are one-third the distance of the twelve signs of the Zodiac apart, and will be enlarged upon in the course of lessons to follow. Thomas Maurice, the celebrated English Orientalist and traveler, gives a fine illustration of the 28 lunar mansions representing one position of the Moon each day during the transition of the lunar orb from new to new. Each of these mansions or "houses" of the moon represented some idea in a concrete form and required esoteric or occult learning and power to give proper and definite interpretation of the symbolism. Of course all the major planets were studied likewise and had certain fixed meaning. The astronomical records of the Hindoos take us back to a fabulous period, involving cycles upon cycles, running into millions of years, all based upon close astronomical—astrological studies.

Their astronomers were necessarily astrologers, as before shown by their festival days. Their deductions were based upon observation, application, and analogy, upon the great law of cause and effect, and in their devotional exercises and sacred prayers, frequent invocations to the three great

birth of "Creeshna," the Hindoo Christ, in the character of Buddha, five centuries before the birth of Christ. This temple or cave contains numerous hieroglyphs of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, as well as the symbols of the planets and their various aspects. In fact, Hindoo history, mythological and actual, is replete with astrological references.

We will now pass to the next great epoch,

THE EGYPTIAN.

Orientalists, in searching among the ruins of that once grand and mighty empire, have looked with wonder and amazement upon the gigantic temples of "Osiris," the astrological deification of the sun—"father of lights," symbol of power—at Heliopolis and other places; and with the same wonderment explored the inner chambers of the temples dedicated to Isis or the Moon, in whose honor sacrifices were offered up to propitiate her kind influence.

Come, take my hand, and, guided by the wonderful magic of thought, imagine ourselves in Thebes 3,300 years ago. 'Tis early spring; the astrologers have calculated the spring equinox and the sun is to "cross the line." On the eventful day, as the first faint rays of Osiris bathe the peaks of the Arabian chain in the glow of dawning morn and gild the eastern horizon in the tint of liquid fire, reflecting back the shimmer

degrees. An observer at the extreme end of this gallery would have looked out of the opening on a clear Egyptian evening 3,600 years ago, and, gazing across that vast void of vanishing, illimitable space, seen "Thuban" sparkling in the convex dome—the star that once had marked the polar home.

The pyramids were built on astrological and astronomical basis. The sides embrace the perfect trine, its base the square, its apex the conjunction, and they stand parallel on the meridian.

The various temples of Egypt were storehouses of astrological knowledge. In the ancient mysterious initiation of the neophyte into the higher esoteric realms of knowledge, astrology formed the final link which bound together the spiritual and material knowledge of the influence of the seven planets. The floors, walls, pillars, and ceilings of these temples were covered with beautiful hieroglyphical representations of astrological symbols, no one save the elect were ever permitted to pass the sacred confines of the "Magic Circle," which was the symbolic representation of the potent, mysterious, 12 signs of the Zodiac, for like all ancient nations learning, and especially occult wisdom, was confined to the priesthood, who, like all their predecessors, became corrupted with sense of power, and through their licentious practices they gradually lost the purer, mysteri-

ous rays of "light." The mysterious oracles of Isis at Delphi and Ephesus were but gross forms of superstitious divination practised falsely beneath the royal ermine of astrology and had no relation to the sublime science. The fact of finding the sculptured testimonies on the monuments and in the monuments and in the temples and statues of Egypt commemorative of the beginning of the astrological year by the entry of Osiris in the celestial Ram, and of the benign influence of Isis or the Moon, is proof sufficient of the antiquity of this science, in fact these signs and constellations were mapped out, the influence ascribed to each carefully noted and preserved for the benefit of future untold generations, eons of time before the first faint dawning of the Egyptian era gilded the roseate armor of a grander civilization. This vernal festival was not the only one observed by the Egyptians, the hellacal rising of Sirius gave astrological warning of the overflow of the Nile, and after the subsidence of the waters feasts in honor of the benefits conferred by this inundation in fertilizing the procreant earth giving promise of bountiful harvest to come, were held. Then in the summer season sacrifices and invocations were offered to Isis, patron deity of harvest time (or harvest moon), who in the character of Ceres presided over the "summer" fields, promising honey, myrrh and frankincense. In the autumn, Saturn, the astrological "god of time," who presided over agriculture was likewise honored in order that his "malign influence" might be averted, and by propitiating him seek his influence in ripening the grain in the fields through the kindly march of "time." In fact all the ancient festivals were astrological in character. But finally as the sun of Egypt's power became overcast by the vandal hand of time, these ancient allegorical ceremonies grew less and less significant, and slowly dimmed by the advancing mist of ages piled on ages, but faintest memories remain. Its antiquity is lost in the shades of a Brahmin night, and centuries must elapse ere complete restoration is consummated. But with reviving investigation in the broad fields of occultism astrology is once more on the ascendant of power.

Let us advance.

In the Bible we find frequent references to astrology. Deborah, the prophetess, sings: "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."—Tud. v. 20. It is evident that if the stars had no "influence" they could not fight; and Deborah, being inspired, would not have used the language indicated if there was not some occult meaning conveyed. To an astrologer the meaning is plain. By "courses" is meant the various aspects and positions of the stars in the horoscope of Sisera denied success and threatened harm which was verified by the sudden rising of the river Kishon which swept away his mighty army. Therefore the prophetess predicted his downfall through the fighting or evil influence of the stars. In the first chapter of Genesis, 14th verse, "God said, 'Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days, and years.'" I propose to give my readers an astrological explanation of this verse which they will find hard to upset. "Let them be for signs. What signs? Why, the 12 signs of the Zodiac formed by the "lights" in the firmament, viz: Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius and Pisces. "And for seasons." The four seasons are ushered in when the sun in his yearly circuit of the heavens touches the first point of each of the four cardinal "signs" of the Zodiac, viz: Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capri-

cornus. Hence the "seasons" begin usually about the 20th of March (spring), June (summer), September (autumn), December (winter) and these four entries bid us prepare for the various "season's" physical phenomena to follow, therefore these are the "signs for the seasons." These four signs are also the signifiers of the evils sure to follow any violation of nature's laws. Thus Aries, the Ram, is in opposition to Libra, the Balance, ruler of autumn. Spring is opposed to autumn. When Aries rises with the sun in spring it heralds the planting time, and when Libra rises in the autumn with the sun it heralds the time for plucking that which was planted, i. e., one would not think of planting corn in the fall and reaping the harvest in spring, if they did, punishment would surely follow in the failure of fruition. So, too, Cancer, symbol of summer, is opposed to Capricorn, symbol of winter; if winter should suddenly overcome summer we can all realize the disaster sure to follow; therefore these signs are for seasons, to guide us aright. "And for years." In the eternal, ceaseless, myriad years, unnumbered in the past or hid in the limitless expanse of dim futurity, the symbols or "signs" of the zodiac, which, in the form of a circle, can have neither beginning nor end, the first point of Aries, the Ram, symbolizes the elevation of solar power; this is the "beginning" of the year and from this point to the last point of Pisces, the Fishes, is one year, and as the sun passes (or appears to pass) through the 12 signs of the Zodiac, transferring the influence of one season to another, he completes the year and forms a new one as he passes the last degree of Pisces, enters once again the "sign" or house of his returning strength—Aries—transferring the influence of the Fishes or Pisces to Aries, or the last faint breathing of winter, dying on the bosom of balmy spring; thus metaphorically welding the "years" together in the forge of eternity's time. You, my readers, can now see the beautiful occult meaning of the passage quoted. There are numerous other references which I will enlarge upon in the future; the foregoing will suffice for the present. At the very threshold of astral science we are confronted with the broad statement that astrology is totally irrational, a wholly erroneous and fallacious vagary. And why? Principally because its opponents have never investigated it, and also because they can not explain the operations of its laws through any material or self-evident process of superficial reasoning. They declare there is nothing in astrology which appeals to their sense of logical, reasoning analogy and deduction. And yet, upon these very principles of absolute knowledge is astrology founded. Classics teem with its beauties, history's pages are filled with its startling verifications. Only recently Judge Tourgee, in a contribution to McClure's Magazine, gives an extraordinary account of President Garfield's experience with an astrologer who predicted he would become general in the army, later he would leave the ranks, then become president, finally to meet a malign influence which threatened his life! As previously observed, the ancients studied the heavens; noted the various aspects, configurations and positions of the stars or planets and the effects produced upon the atmosphere by their changes, and through the atmosphere upon humanity. Carefully tracing from the great first cause the inevitable and final effect. They formulated the rules the vital principles of which have been handed down from the solemn chambers of the past. But they understood the spiritual or esoteric meaning and realized that these influences were but the operation of the

divine law of "harmony," for planetary configurations usually denote that good parents have in general good children, with fortunate astral testimonies, while weak, vicious and immoral parents are afflicted with children whose planetary influences partake of the similar characteristics of their parents, or evil. Thus showing the eventuation of conditions invoked prior to the time of birth.

We will now proceed to an examination of the influence ascribed to and exercised by the various signs and planets. In so doing it will be necessary to state a few general propositions:

First—It is impossible to explain to the uninitiated reader just how the planets affect us except in the foregoing essay. We know that they do exert a force which has been definitely determined to all astrologers time and again, and, too, to the honest, earnest investigator's satisfaction.

Second—It is more absurd to ask an astrologer to technically explain or describe the operation of infinite law on finite beings, than it is to ask an electrician to give the reason why he can call so potent an influence into existence by the admixture of a little blue vitriol, zinc, copper and water. Can he do it? Sufficient to know it a fact, even if we can not explain it satisfactorily.

Third—Could the "delusion"—so-called—of astrology have survived the countless ages of the historic past, as I have shown, if its teachings were false and founded in error?

Fourth—Is it possible, that if false, it could have deceived, nay blinded, sages, poets, philosophers, astronomers, divines and princes since the first dawn of reawakened civilization?

Fifth—Rather, would not these savants have discovered its follies and absurdities, if such existed, and exposed it ages ago?

Sixth—Self-satisfied, soi-disant philosophers declare it a "dead" science. If so, who killed it, when and where was this murderous act committed? Echo answers, wildly and weirdly, "Where?" Now my friends we will leave the rostrum and proceed to the astral chamber, where in the crucible of "test" we will, I hope, find golden nuggets of truth. Over the chamber a stary banner floats gaily in the breeze.

Upon its silken sheen

These words are clearly seen:

"Ad astrum absit invidia."

(To be Continued.)

JULIUS BRICKSON.

"WHERE HAST THOU LAID HIM?"

Mankind has so long looked into an open grave for the inspiration, hope and expectancy of the future life that they fail to perceive any thing else but a doing away with of their venerable and revered theology when they come to look into the light and revelations of Spiritualism. With bated breath they have seen the "shed blood," "the cruel mockings and death" of the man Christ Jesus, and have shed so many tears at his sepulcher that they are looking for a dead Christ rather than for a living, risen power.

The hideous fascination of a murder scene, the awful mystery of "a fountain filled with blood," the absolutism of "faith" in both of the above as the "only" source of immortality—these, in connection with certain forms and ceremonies, have so blinded men's eyes that they have placed a wrong interpretation upon the manifestations and messages of truth, and established an absolutely false relation between humanity and the Supreme Godhead.

It has made a sharp distinction between spiritual and natural forces—established a vital conflict between them—and made necessary a special intervention of divine power to bring about

harmony between the two. Man was not divine and could not understand divine law, yet was expected to accept or reject divine truth whenever it was presented to him, and was responsible for his condition of inferiority to the Spiritual powers.

However, in spite of this incongruous mixture of distinctions and beliefs, this "Christian" theology has been a tremendous power among mankind, and is so today, because its influence lies in the recognition (though it may be all unconsciously) of the "sonship" of man to the Supreme Godhead, and that there is no distinction between the human-divine and the Supreme Divinity except in the manner of its manifestation. And the power of this old system of theology lies in the fact that its God did at times appear, speak to and control mankind, and then to all intents and purposes left man to himself.

Now Spiritualism clarifies all this when it asserts that God is in all nature, and that there is no distinction between what is called the natural and the supernatural; that God (or Spirit) controls all the phenomena of nature intelligently, and that there is no such thing as the automatic operation of natural law, or the forces of nature, but that there is one eternal force and law that controls all of its manifestations in matter; and that God works with, inspires, controls and operates continuously through humanity.

Our Philosophy also asserts that there is no special intervention or divine interposition, no breaking up or putting aside of the forces and laws of nature for the purpose of revealing the Supreme Godhead; but that he reveals himself in all nature, speaks to every man, and stands at the side of every human being offering the use of the transcendent power of the spirit for their emancipation from the bondage of materialism; also, that man possesses all the characteristics of the Infinite Spirit and is immortal; that as God "was always a voice," ever manifesting himself to humanity, so mankind are ever showing that they are a natural part of a diviner nature—are in continual communication with it—and by virtue of their ability to co-operate harmoniously with the Spirit, possess that similarity of being that makes such facts possible.

No, no; we present no dead, dying or bloody substitute to humanity, because they do not see or hear this ever-living, ever-present, ever-available power for their upbuilding; but we put before all men the fact of their divine, immortal nature, the non-necessity of the intervention of any one for their emancipation from the natural hardness and unbelief of the material condition, and that every soul has the means of direct, immediate, personal communion with the Infinite Source of wisdom, love and power. There is no need of a "dead" Savior and all the horrors of a "Christian" religion.

But there is in its place a living power, a higher revelation, a freedom of communication and a harmonious adjustment of the material deficiencies of humanity with the fullness of the Divine perfections, so that all the common operations of the Divine Nature become the possibilities of the human nature because of the superlative truth that man is at once "a son of man" and "a son of God."

The truth, then, is not "laid away" in any grave. Christ, the manifestation of the living God, is a living power, and the "fullness" that was in him becomes the possibility of the whole human race without any supernatural intervention, the ordinary operations of the nature of God being sufficient "to enlighten every man that cometh into the world," and to assure him that his destiny is not determined by supernal clemency.

GEORGE W. BRADFORD.

Los Angeles, Cal.

LYNN, MASS.—The Arthus Hodges First Spiritual Society held very interesting services on the 4th inst. The music, lectures and tests were superb. Among the participants in the exercises were Mrs. M. K. Hamill, Professor C. L. Walker, Professor H. E. Cushing, Dr. C. L. Willis, Mrs. D. E. Matson, Dr. E. F. Murray, W. H. Rouseville, Dr. J. A. Pierce, Dr. A. E. Warren, Jesse H. Bickford, Mrs. Alice Lefavour, Miss Hancox, Misses Lena and Elsie Burns. At Mrs. Dr. Dowland's Tuesday and Friday meetings

SEATTLE, WASH.—In commemoration of the 49th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, union services were held by the First Spiritual society, the Seattle Spiritual league and Fremont Spiritual society on Sunday, March 28, in the hall of the Seattle Spiritual league, Masonic Temple, corner Second avenue and Pike F. An all day session was held and two meals were served in the spacious banqueting hall, under the auspices of Mrs. Myers and her able assistants. The morning exercises were given over to the Children's Lyceum, which were conducted by Mrs. Mell Spaulding and Mrs. Gillies. The afternoon reading was devoted to conference, literary, music and tests, after which circles were formed in different parts of the building, which completed a very pleasant afternoon. At the evening meeting after some excellent music by the choir and congregation with Miss Clara Spray at the organ, Mrs. Gifford rendered an original inspirational poem relative to the occasion. Miss Gracie Barnes then entertained the audience with a banjo solo, followed by Mrs. Reynolds with a recitation; then came discourses by Mr. P. C. Mills, Mr. Louis Williams and Mrs. Mell Spaulding, and the meeting closed after some excellent tests.

Psychopomps—the new talking board—reduced to 50 cents.

A mass meeting of the Spiritualists of Dayton has been called to convene at Knights of Honor hall, Third street, on Saturday evening, April 24, for the purpose of forming a permanent organization, and also to co-operate with Mr. E. B. Helm in his evangelical work in the fields of Spiritualism. His mission will be to deliver thirteen lectures nightly without cessation. Each afternoon will be devoted to the general good of the cause. This movement looks forward to organization first, last and always—national, state and local. Springfield and Columbus will be our next point of labor. Please address all communications to his business manager, Mr. H. A. Pugh, Dayton, O.

Passed to spirit life, William Coram of Sedwick, Mo., aged 78 years, 4 mos. and 10 days. He was an ardent Spiritualist for many years, and patiently awaited God's own good time and pleasure for his new birth into the spirit realm, to join his dear wife and children, whom he knew were anxiously awaiting him there. Therefore the grave had no sting for him, he having positive knowledge that there is no death.—John J. Coram.

AYER'S
Cathartic Pills
CURE DYSPEPSIA.

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IN PARIS.

TABLE TIPPING THE RULING FAD.

Spiritism in an alphabetical form has taken possession of Parisian society. If reports are to be relied upon Napoleon Bonaparte is very much in evidence along certain lines, other than war, for which he was once famous, and Louis XIV is taking a lively interest in Republican France.

So firma hold has the new idea taken that invitations to table tipping parties have become as frequent as a request to join a friend at dinner. Any day one is likely to receive this sort of a note:

"Monsieur and Madame — request Monsieur — to pass the evening of — with them. There will be table turning."

The invitation is accepted, of course, for it is decidedly unfashionable to refuse. Entering the salon one is instantly impressed by the air of mystery which is over all. The light is delicately shaded in just the fashion that obtains in the apartments where the psychologist unfolds to you the mysteries of what is to come. There are several tables in the salon. About these are seated a number of persons varying from three to eight. There is a hush, a solemn silence, that even the host and hostess seem disinclined to break. Soon the guests have all arrived. The time for the turning of the tables has come. At a signal the parties grouped around the tables, with the exception of a single person at each table, place their hands upon that article of furniture which they surround. Hands are not pressed flatwise upon the surface, but the tips of the fingers allowed to rest thereon, in the same manner as the hands of the operator are disposed when invoking the aid of planchette. Suddenly one of the tables lifts at one side and then strikes the floor. The stillness is almost electrical.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the voice of the host is heard in solemn cadence, "there are those of the other world with us in the spirit who have something to say."

Then the tables tip and tilt, rapping upon the floor in curious signal fashion. These raps have a meaning like the ticks of the telegraph. One rap means A, two raps B, and so on. It is the duty of the persons whose hands are not on the tables to interpret rappings to the others present. Letters form words and words form sentences. First comes the name of the person who is communicating from another sphere to the assembled party. Then follow the words of the invisible stranger. After a time the rappings cease, and the communication is read at each table, for to the party at every table a different shade has been speaking.

At the apartments of M. Henry Fournier, at 38 Rue Avencon, a few evenings ago, it is asserted the most distinguished personages of other centuries spoke through the medium of the tables. At one of these Mademoiselle Julie Catenet, the daughter of M. Alphonse Catenet, the well known avocat, was acting as interpreter. The table by which she was seated had rapped solemnly for a space of five minutes; then it ceased, and the interpreter puzzled out the sentence. She was scandalized. "If is the horrid Napoleon," she said, "he is so bad. It is always some lady of whom he has to make inquiries. He has just asked if Sibyl Sanderson, la belle Americaine, is really going to marry Antonio Terry. The idea of a man who has been dead goodness knows how long being interested in a lady like that." Mademoiselle Catenet is not in the least a disciple of occultism, nor is she inclined to voice anything that savors of scandal.

heard from one of the other tables saying, "Vive la Boulanger." The general says he gives greeting to all present. He also says that Monsieur Andree will never reach the North Pole in his balloon.

"Merciful heavens!" comes from a lady at the third table. "Galileo says that we are going to have a new comet in 1899, and that it portends tremendous disaster to all mankind. He wants us to inform the newspapers that they may warn the world to be prepared."

Think of Galileo talking about sending communications to the newspapers. One might almost as soon expect Cromwell to regret that he could not lead a german in one of the Parisian salons.

M. Jean Avignon was at the fourth table. He has long been believed to have Royalist sympathies. So the company was not greatly surprised when he said that Louis XIV had, through the table, instructed him to say that the day was not far distant when the French republic would cease to exist, and a most beneficent monarch reign over volatile France. Louis A moment later a male voice was

hear it, but I never did care anything about other women anyway."

This sounds like an abstract from a wonder book, but in reality it is exactly what it is solemnly asserted happened at the place named. Furthermore appearances of a similar nature are reported from dozens of places in Paris. The persons who attend these table tipping parties scoff when Spiritualism is suggested. They say it is all the result of "occult influence." The incredulous are at liberty to believe what they please. The facts are as stated.

INTELLECTUAL BREAD AND SPIRITUAL WINE.

At the mass convention in Buffalo recently, held under the auspices of the N. S. A., much good was accomplished. Mr. Homer Altemus gave some very striking demonstrations of spirit intelligence. To a total stranger who stood up in the audience he gave names and evidences in much detail, and all acknowledged. Among them he described a couple climbing a hill in a carriage, reaching the top and de-

sor Barrett, E. W. Sprague, G. W. Kates and Mrs. A. E. Sheets all evoked the music of the spheres and thrilled the people with the glory that lighted their own genius. Mrs. Sheets was the regular speaker for the Buffalo church for March, and she has charmed the people in her short stay so that they do not want her to go. That is a common experience with all first-class speakers. When the people begin to know and appreciate them and get in psychic sympathy and social accord, and inspired by the teachings so they enthrone and glow with new life, the speaker's time is out and the ties are rudely broken, the threads of thought and sentiment snapped asunder and the work just begun falls into chaos and some other starts a new line of work that requires from one to six months to fairly initiate, and that too shares the same fate, and so the defeat goes on and people wonder why so many go to the Unitarian church. I was not there as a speaker, was not one of the "called" or "chosen," but some personal friends belonging to the society in Buffalo sent me an invitation to share the feast with them and eat "free lunches" at their splendid tables, and I accepted.

When one realizes that people care enough for a visit to pay traveling expenses and board him, it is an inspiration.

At the hospitable home of George Montague I was fed and rested, and at the church Mrs. Vanbuskirk escorted me to dinner and settled the bills, and I was a first-class deadbeat all the way around. The Ladies' union did splendid service and the good things for the appetite were a great help to the spiritual interpretations of life. To eat and enjoy it is a part of this life, and perhaps the next. If we do not need food there to keep the spiritual body vigorous, there may be gustations pleasure that will serve its part in the economy of forces by which emotions, affections and sentiments grow and bless.

What is needful to the mind—including the emotions and affections, and means of expressing and maturing character and happiness—will be sure to find a way to survive and adapt us to all that is new in the superior world. All sensuous pleasures depend upon the conscious mind for their recognition, and as parts of one whole they must continue in some way, suited to our changes and expansion, to assert their progressive functions. Even in this world there are thoughts and sentiments that bear close relation to the hunger and thirst of the body, and to thirst and the satisfaction in a draught of pure cold water. This massmeeting fed souls with intellectual bread and quenched the thirst of sad hearts with the sweetness of heaven's love, distilled in the wine-press of mediumship, music and prayer.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

But we all fits into places dat no othah ones could fill,
And we does the things we has to, big or little, good or ill,
John can't tek de place o' Henry, Sue and Sally ain't alike;
Bass ain't nothin' like a suckah, chub ain't nothin' like a pike.

When you come think about it, how it's all planned out, it's splendid.
Nothin's done evah er evah happens, don't hits somethin' dat's intended;
Don't keer what you does, you has to, an' hit sholy beats de dickens.—
Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one o' mas-tah's chickens.

—Paul L. Dunbar.

Our new hymn sheets contains all the old songs and a number of new ones added, with a handsome title page. Prices as usual. See adv.

The Psychometric Dictionary is the latest book on mediumship published. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.



A TABLE TIPPING SEANCE IN PARIS.

further stated that this would mean an era of prosperity for all Frenchmen. It should further be understood, he said, that France would, under kingly rule, become one of the greatest of powers, both on sea and land.

The fifth table had as its interpreter Mme. Nanon Monat. She flushed when it came her turn to read the message that had been rapped out, and said she would ask to be excused from acting as interpreter in this instance. The message, she said, was from Queen Elizabeth, and really she did not see why she should have to interpret anything of that kind. Finally she was induced to tell what the queen had said, and gave this as the message: "To the ladies and gentlemen of France: I can not resist this opportunity of saying that I think my sex has greatly deteriorated since my day. The women are neither as pretty nor attractive as they were when a woman's word was law. I must say that the gentlemen are all that could be desired, but the ladies appear to me to be entirely worthy of the description of them which I have heard credited to Lombroso. I presume this may not be acceptable to those of my sex who

scending on the opposite slope, until they came to a dead horse with his throat out, and a little further on a man with a gash across his hand and a large rock above him. This was declared to be strictly correct in all the details; and a second, that occurred 25 years ago in the country, and no one but these two in the city of Buffalo could have known of it and they had not spoken or thought of it in a long time, and were total strangers to the medium. Such tests count. Another gave his name, described the struggling of hanging by the neck, called up George Montague and spoke several things in his ear which he declared were not and never had been known to anyone but himself and the spirit communicating. Brother Altemus was from Washington, D. C., and said this was his first attempt outside of his seance room in Washington. He is also a fine singer and rendered some excellent pieces with splendid effect. The speakers were all best, and the audiences were as still and attentive as in any church—or more so—except that they gave frequent expression to their enthusiasm in rounds of applause. Mrs. Richmond, L. V. Moulton, Profes-

THE OCCULT.



O. W. HUMPHREY.

DOINGS OF SPIRITS.

WEIRD PHENOMENA—A STRANGE TALE OF GHOSTS.

On one of the streets of the nation's capital, close by a leading market, is a bicycle repair shop. If you should need a wheel repaired, and were to inquire at the door as to terms, etc., you would be met by a nervous little man. You would be quick to notice that an eye had been injured, and if you were to know him intimately you would learn that the injury was caused by an electrical experiment, for he is also an electrician.

This little man, if you were to approach him on the subject, could tell you of more strange experiences than the Psychical society ever knew of in the way of ghosts, as old-time people called them, but which moderns term spirits, just as mesmerism has changed to hypnotism.

I know this little man and his wife well, and as I have been an eyewitness to some of the strange occurrences appertaining to them, and have told about them at different times, I want my signature to stand as an endorsement of what I now write.

This couple were at one time dwellers in a certain domicile, No. —, — St., which they had leased for some length of time. But they were not there long before curious events occurred. In one of the rooms of the house there was a dark-brown stain, about the length and breadth of a human being of average size. Strange to say, at various times this peculiar looking spot would become damp or moist. This was odd, but one night they were startled by a strong masculine voice saying: "Get—d— you, this is my grave, and you are standing on it. Get out of here." They inquired who it was speaking but received only curses in reply. "Can we not pray for you?" "To h— with your prayers. I don't want any such nonsense." "Well, what can we do for you?" "Get out of here. We are going to drive you out!" the spirit exclaimed angrily, "You can't stay here."

Night after night shuffling footsteps were heard passing up and down stairs and muttering voices. Articles were violently thrown and all sorts of annoyances took place. The neighbors were inquired of and it was learned that once a man was killed in the house while gambling. The voice had finally consented to reveal its identity, and this was corroborated. The stain on the floor was blood. No one had ever been able to live in the house, although the rent had been reduced. Sickness, death and misfortune came, and at last the electrician and his wife could stand it no longer and had to leave.

What I have written sounds like an old-fashioned ghost legend, but old-fashioned ghost tales, the P. S. now

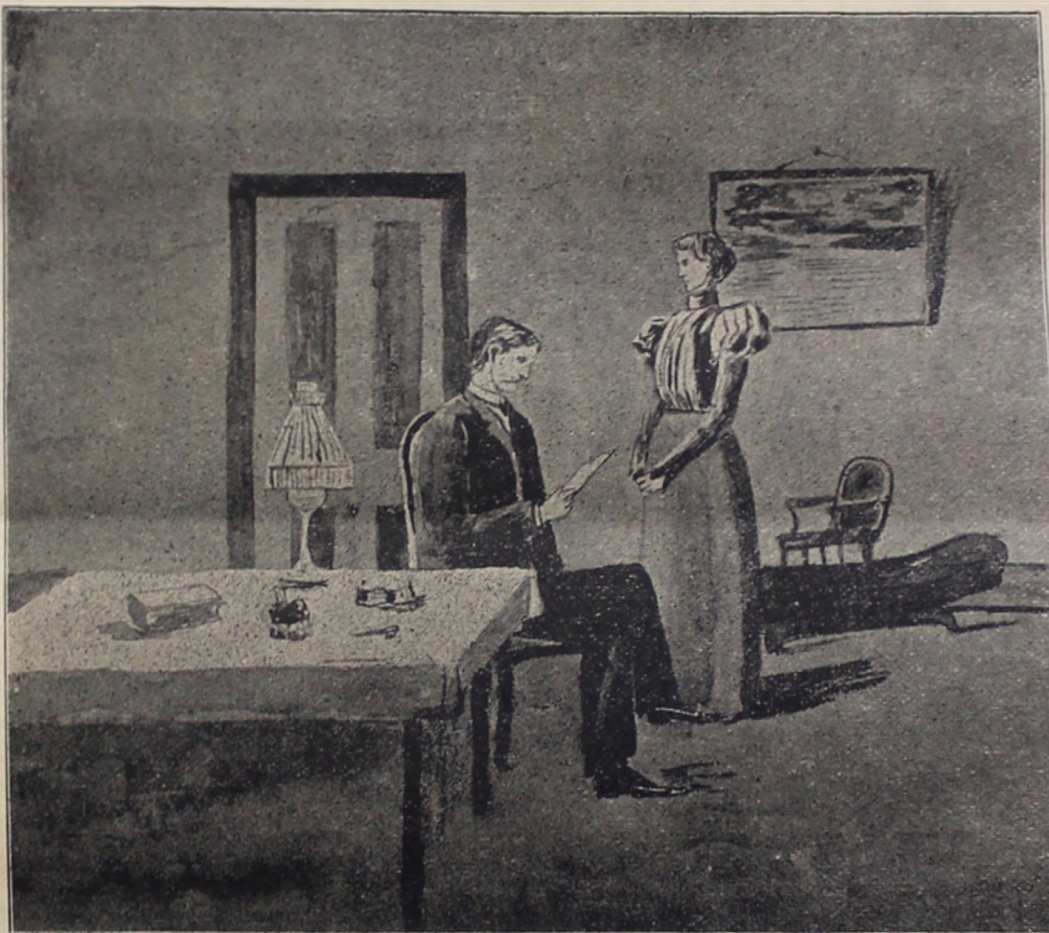
determines, have a basis of truth in them.

Some one has said that truth is stranger than fiction, and a motto of the French detective service is, "Always believe the impossible." I am not given to telling idle stories, and stranger things yet can be related about the subjects of this article.

On the wedding night of my friends, the electrician and his wife, as strange a celebration as ever mortal man has experienced was theirs. As my friend's wife has said, "It is all foolishness to tell these things, for no one will believe them." But a fact is a fact, and will always remain so. Just as the festivities were at their height, behold! a group of figures, short and tall, young and old, male and female, numbering perhaps fifty, suddenly formed, and in grotesque procession flitted through the house, filed solemnly up stairs, lighted every gas-jet, and then one and all, they passed, vanished, in single file, through an upper window. Sounds queer, don't it, but queerer things yet remain to be told.

On one occasion there came the spirit of a gentleman who had been a suicide. He became addicted to drinking

time the spirit appeared. He never would reveal his identity. At another time, however, a sum something like twenty-five dollars was found in the house when greatly needed, but the most curious happening was that when one evening they desired to go to an entertainment. On a piece of paper they read the words, "You are going to the entertainment tonight." They laughed and said, "How can we go without money?" "You will certainly go," was written, "look before you on the table." Judge of their surprise to see a one-dollar bill suddenly appear. The tickets to the entertainment cost fifty cents each. Shortly afterward they were told that this dollar bill was given them by a spirit who had taken on the material form in the city of Pittsburg, not in a cabinet nor even in a house, but out on the open street. This spirit said he was walking along the street when he was accosted by a man out of work. The spirit told this man that he had no work for him (naturally) but he could tell him where to go to get a job. The man felt so grateful that he asked the supposed mortal to meet him again and he would give him all he could spare of the first money he earned. But the



FINDING MONEY LEFT BY SPIRITS.

and gambling, abandoned his wife and child, and finally took his own life. In the meantime his wife and child had died. This spirit was in distress, in a psychic state involving punishment for his earthly misdeeds. He stated that he could occasionally see his wife and child at a distance, but could not reach them. As he expressed it, for every step he took forward he went back tenfold, but through the assistance of the good people in whose house he was he at last reached those he loved. My friend said the three appeared together one evening and whispered for an hour. The suicide said he could now occasionally be with his wife and child in spirit life, but still was forced to render equivalent for his former bad acts. He expressed his gratitude, and one night on opening the drawer of a bureau there lay a sum of money—forty-five dollars. Reverses of fortune had rendered money a desirable article, but the sight of these substantial U. S. greenbacks created fright. The suicide calmed their fears. "That money," said he, "I buried just before I died. It is true I won it at gambling; but take it. It is all right. It is yours for what you have done for me. I dug it up and brought it here." That was the last

spirit took only the dollar, and this dollar he gave to his host of the evening. I will not attempt to philosophize on this occurrence, although I have my theory.

If A talks across a city through a telephone he knows his experience is a fact. B may say, I don't believe it. The ear can not hear a voice a mile distant. A is told by a third party, C, that he (C) has talked from New York to Chicago, a thousand miles distant. A immediately reasons—it seems strange to talk so far, but then I heard a voice a mile distant, for only the person purporting to speak knew the facts he related to me. This simile is illustrative of what I have written. The opponents of occultism, especially of so-called physical manifestations, may assume that the telephone is always within reach, that A's statement at any time can be verified. In reply I will state that my opponent's opportunities are simply limited. When the opportunity presents itself, under right conditions, the same experience will corroborate the statement of the occultist. I have never seen an X-ray apparatus in operation. My opportunity has been limited. I may never see it. But that does not render invalid the fact that a photograph can

be taken through apparently impenetrable objects.

One more incident, and then I have finished. When manifestations first began to occur in the presence of these people, the gentleman one evening asked that some strong proof be given them. "Go outside," was written, "and close by the door you will find a five-cent piece." The money was found, verifying the statement made. A hole was drilled in it, and a ribbon passed through. This keepsake was worn by the gentleman's sister until her decease, and was buried with her. A promise has been given out that this same five-cent piece will be returned to them. It has been raised, they have been told, about half way up through the ground, and the time may yet come when it will be placed in their hands. For the past two years these remarkable manifestations had ceased, but lately they have again made their appearance. In the interests of Spiritualism and science I shall present accounts of my observations of these striking psychic phenomena as they occur.

O. W. HUMPHREY.

SELF-RESTRAINT A DUTY.

Annie Besant says: Before I believed in reincarnation I favored the extinction of imbeciles, idiots, etc., in childhood to prevent their propagation. Now I see that every soul has to work out its salvation in matter and must be allowed to live. But to prevent such births now I must adopt a higher plan. It is to reform the social evil. We see in sexual love not only a passion which man has in common with the brute, and which forms at the present stage of evolution a necessary part of human nature, but an animal passion that may be trained and purified into a human emotion, which may be used as one of the levers in human progress, one of the factors in human growth. But instead of this, man in the past has made his intellect the servant of his passions; the abnormal development of the sexual instincts in man—in whom it is far greater and more continuous than in any brute—is due to the mingling with it of the intellectual element, all sexual thoughts, desires and imaginations having created thought forms, which have been brought into the human race, giving rise to a continual demand, far beyond nature, and in marked contrast with the temperance of normal animal life. Hence it has become one of the most fruitful sources of human misery and human degradation, and the satisfaction of its imperious cravings in civilized countries lies at the root of our worst social evils. This excessive development has to be fought against, and the instinct reduced within natural limits, and this will certainly never be done by easy-going self-indulgence within the marital relation any more than by self-indulgence outside of it. Only self-control and self-denial can build brains and body of a higher type for a better future. They must hold this instinct in complete control and thus convert it into a tender and self-denying affection—to develop the intellectual at the expense of the animal. Thus self-restraint of the sexual relation must be our duty. The souls who are in waiting there to be reincarnated will be likewise spiritually unfolded and may be saved from reincarnation or return with a higher impulse and come into life as a higher expression of humanity through those even who are too animalistic to restrain themselves, and must return on that account anyhow. But let those whose intelligence is sufficiently developed to understand this, try and save themselves, as not until the passion is fully subdued and converted into spiritual love will the soul be freed from earthbound conditions and probably reincarnation.

"The Truths of Spiritualism."

A GREAT CLERGYMAN'S DISCOURSE.

Rev. R. Heber Newton on Some of the Essentials of Spiritualism.

It was a remarkable sermon from the heart and brain of a remarkable man that the congregation of All Souls' Episcopal church in New York city listened to on Palm Sunday. Dr. Newton took for his subject "The Truths of Spiritualism," being the fifth of a series of sermons on the contributions of heterodoxy to the growth of orthodoxy. The following is a condensed report of the sermon:

"Whatever may be the truth of Spiritualism there are certain truths which are coming to the world through Spiritualism. The source of the knowledge may be valid or may be invalid—the knowledge itself seems to me valid. Many a knowledge that is substantial and real has been gained by man apparently through sources that are unreliable, or at least inadequate. The real sources of his knowledge may lie deeper, may not be uncovered. The knowledge that is real and true may seem to come from springs that are tainted, when in reality they rise far below this dubious source. We have to judge truth upon its own merits, not upon the merits of those who profess to bring it to men.

"It is a fact concerning Spiritualism that through it the conviction of the life to come is taking a new hold of man's mind and heart. Myriads of men are today rejoicing in a firm and positive conviction of the reality of the life to come who but for this movement would have been left in the doubt which overshadows vast masses of men today. This faith has become so vital that it renews the early Christian joy in the presence of death. Instead of impugning the sources of this renewed faith, let orthodoxy make more real to those who abide within its folds this ancient and fundamental and vital faith of men. It is not merely that men have become convinced that there is a life beyond the grave, but they have become convinced that that life is near to us in the flesh and that at proper times and under proper conditions it is possible that there should be intercommunication between the two spheres. A deep hunger of the human soul this, which finds manifestation in the most pathetic experiences our earth records.

"It is truth which is embodied in the records of the very beginning of our Christian religion—in those wonderfully gracious and charming stories which embalm the memory of the sacred experiences of the disciples through which they came to believe their Master was alive and that He had manifested himself to them. A truth this, which ought never to have passed out from the Christian consciousness, but which has strangely escaped it; so that we find ourselves today in this singular position, theoretically believing in the possibility of intercommunication between those who live in the flesh and those who live out of the flesh, and yet utterly skeptical toward every experience which is an expression of this belief.

What has man to learn through this intercommunication, if it be genuine? Upon the surface of the question the whole belief seems to be invalidated by the utter unfitness, as most men think, of the communications that come through such sources. Yet this makes for the great truth which runs through Spiritualistic thought—the continuity of character. You remember Mr. Huxley's sneer after attending

a number of seances, that if the people in the next life had no more intelligence than was manifested in the communication thus received, he wished no further acquaintance with them. After listening to Shakespeare and Milton and Bacon discoursing from the other world we wonder whether they have lapsed back into a state of idiocy. And yet there is even here something profoundly suggestive. What is the character of nine-tenths of the people who pass out from the earth? Up to the date of death have they not been empty-minded, shallow, unintellectual? What has their conversation been? What is the ordinary talk of the ordinary drawing room? What sort of conversation do you hear in the streetcars? Well, what is to be expected of these people when they pass over into another state of existence? Are they miraculously changed at once? Do they become geniuses, savants and philosophers? Do they not continue to be just about such human beings as they were here? With the same vacuousness and emptiness, the same shallowness and superficiality? If by any chance such spirits get at

it is those spirits who have not risen above the earth plane who still haunt the region of their old lives. Like gravitates to like there as here. If a man has not risen above the plane of materiality here he will not be far above it when he passes into the life beyond. What a condition this suggests to those who, from mere curiosity, seek communication with the unseen spheres! They may, however, if there be any reality in this belief, find dark possibilities which will make very lurid the ancient tales of demonic possession. One of the best known women in the country writes over her own name of now certain spirits came to her from the other world and gave pitiful accounts of their remorse as they looked back to earth and realized now for the first time their grave responsibilities in the neglect to use aright the wealth intrusted to them upon earth. One of the elders of the Shaker settlement at Lebanon within a few months reported that the spirit of John Calvin came to him. You will recall that one great stain upon Calvin's character is his burning of Servetus, that brilliant

structing them. At times it seems violently anti-Christian, but when analyzed the anti-Christianity is merely anti-Calvanism or anti-ecclesiasticism, or anti-supernaturalism. The record of M. A. Oxon's communications through 'Rector' tells how an old-fashioned High Church man was educated against his will into a Broad Church man. Even if this be but the unconscious self at work in theology, it is still a mighty verification of our liberal movement. If the deeper sources of our mysterious personality are thus making for the new thought, we may be sure that the new thought is a true thought."

A LUNATIC OF SOME ACCOUNT.

Perry Cecil, Arthur Caspar, Baron von der Grave, Count von Leuchtenfels, who is confined in the observation ward of the City hospital, is developing into a veritable Svengali, says the St. Louis Republic. He has hypnotic power over the other inmates of the observation ward. The first indication that he possessed the faculty of mental control over others was shortly after his incarceration, when one of the older patients became violent. The attendants were struggling with him in an effort to subdue him, but, with all the strength of mania, he fought them off, and the combined strength of three men was not enough to hold him. At this juncture the baron took part in the conflict. Stepping before the maniac he focussed his eyes upon him, made a few passes with his hand, and commanded him to lie down. The erstwhile uncontrollable maniac lay down as quietly as a little child. "It is nothing," said the baron, when amazement was expressed at the remarkable result of his command. "You can not show me a patient so violent but I can control him with a look and a word."

Subsequent results would seem to substantiate the nobleman's claim. Quiet reigns now in the observation ward. Every now and then some patient breaks forth in a tantrum, when the baron will make a few passes, command to be still, or lie down or go to sleep, and the most refractory case at once subsides. John H. Curtis, the Benton civil engineer, is one of the most troublesome patients, not because he is violent, but because his nervous state is such that he can not rest, and at all hours of the day and night he insists on talking in a loud tone, to the distress of the other patients. Until the baron came all efforts to quiet him only augmented the trouble. Now when his restless moods seize him Count Leuchtenfels steps up to him, makes a few passes, and commands him to lie down. Often Curtis protests, begging to be allowed to talk, or at least sit up, but the baron is inexorable. Gradually Curtis will fall back on his cot, fold his arms on his breast and subside.

The baron is proud of his hypnotic prowess, and delights in giving exhibitions of his power. He will command the various inmates to perform the most diverse tricks, and in every case with more or less success. His influence over the other patients is truly remarkable, and he maintains it is no less strong over dumb animals. "I should have no fears in emulating Daniel in his lion's den act," he says. "I could control the brutes with a look."

The last person to come under the baron's influence is Joe Kurtz, the man with the lost soul. When he entered the observation ward he insisted on overturning all the cots in search for his soul, but the baron stopped this procedure by essaying to find his soul for him. Kurtz expresses perfect confidence in his ability to do so, and has become entirely pacific.



DOINGS OF SPIRITS: THEY ATTEND A WEDDING FEAST.

the other end of the telephone connecting the two worlds they ought to give us just about such communications as we receive. What a solemn appeal there is in such a thought as this in human beings endowed with mind, to use this earthly life so that they may be worthy of another existence, so that they may not pass over into a higher state of existence and remain such unintelligent, irrational, unhuman beings as those who come, or seem to come, to us in many of these mysterious ways.

"As with the intellectual life of man, so with his moral character. He is the same man after death as before. The ordinary orthodox conception of the hereafter is of a division between two worlds, the realm of the good and the realm of the bad. The whole conception is thoroughly artificial and unnatural. There is no such chasm between men here. Neither is there in the world beyond, so far as we can learn. The bad in men works itself out in the development of character. Through men punish themselves.

"The ordinary thought of the ghost-haunting of popular tradition finds its philosophical explanation in the literature of this subject in the belief that

heretic who ventured within the reach of the grim master of Geneva and paid the penalty of his daring at the stake. As the Shaker elder reports, the spirit of Calvin told him that he had not yet succeeded in finding heaven; that wherever he had turned seeking the blessed regions he was confronted with the direction to find out Servetus and obtain his forgiveness before he could enter. If this story is not true to fact it is true to something deeper than fact.

"There is a body of thought that is coming to the world in this way. Whatever we think of the way, that is distinctly a body of thought. The old theology no longer appears. You never hear anything of the fall of man, or the election or non-election of individuals, of the vicarious atonement, of an endless hell, of the resurrection of the body, and of hosts of other doctrines which are inwoven in the traditional orthodoxy of Christianity. No spirit of whom I have ever heard, real or professed, has ever come back to the world teaching these doctrines. The theology of the other world is a Broad Church theology. It is making for freedom and reason. It is either subverting the old doctrines or recon-

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REV. DR. R. HERBER NEWTON ON SPIRITUALISM.

It is a source of gratification to the world to know that here and there arises, at times, a strong mind, a mind above the muddle of tradition and loosed from the thrall of popular delusions. Dr. Newton's recent sermon on "The Truths of Spiritualism" is from this source of hope and cheer and comfort. It is a cry from the desert, but in no sense is it a new departure in the life work of this talented brother. For a number of years he has been known to many people as an ardent believer in the essential facts of this mighty movement. Society, with respect to the claims of Spiritualism, may be fairly disposed of by dividing the masses from the classes, the former not knowing anything about it because they can not learn, and the latter remaining in ignorance of it because they will not learn. Viewing Spiritualism from either of these standpoints it matters very little whether it be, as Dr. Newton once put it, "the instance of fact or the persistence of delusion." Dr. Newton saw, as many others have seen, how great were the barriers to be surmounted and how forlorn the hope of inculcating these truths into the minds of even those who hoped the most for and boasted the most of a future life. One of the saddest commentaries on the enlightenment of the age is the repudiation and denial of these great truths Dr. Newton speaks of, by the very people who in myriads worship at the shrine of Christ's religion. It is an appalling paradox, and yet, as Dr. Newton says, "there are certain truths which are coming to the world through Spiritualism." There is nothing new in these truths. As the clergyman well said, "instead of impugnig the sources of this renewed faith let orthodox make more real to those who abide within its folds this ancient, fundamental and vital faith of men."

Spiritualism is simply a reverent effort of the thought of mankind. It is a going back along the line of the apostate ages to the simplicity of truth. It is obliterating the shams and fashions which have for ages hidden the essential gospel of nature and man's needs. All of the old masters saw it and taught it, but it died with them, for the most part, and because modern inquiry and need have wended in bringing to the comprehension of the world some idea of the significance of these long buried truths, and in the process struck down the thrall of the king and the priest and unseated the pretensions of commercial religionists, Spiritualism is denounced as iconoclastic and disruptive. Dr. Newton answers this charge effectively in these words: "At times it seems violently anti-Christian, but when analyzed the anti-Christianity is anti-Calvinism or anti-eclesiasticism, or anti-supernaturalism."

It remains yet to be pointed out

where Spiritualism is Anti-Christian, or that it opposes anything good, noble and elevating anywhere or in any world. Spiritualism ought to be to the Christian what the apostle meant when he said: "Add to your faith knowledge."

The sermon of Dr. Newton is a timely contribution, not only to the growth of orthodoxy but to the rational thought of the world. It is encouraging; it is hopeful; it is full of promise and suggestion.

"THE PROBLEM OF THE IMPERFECT LIFE."

Rev. Dr. E. L. Rexford delivered a discourse on a recent Sunday evening that was filled with admirable suggestions. Dr. Rexford is one of the Pharos lights of Universalism, a broad, generous spirit, very close to the essential principles of ethical and religious life, and the beloved minister of the Universalist church of this city. In the course of his sermon above alluded to Dr. Rexford touched upon the problem of the imperfect life. He said:

"This involves about all the human life on this earth. I know of no exceptions. There is not a perfect life on the globe, and if all the imperfect lives are to be denied admission to the celestial regions beyond death, heaven will be vacant. Life is imperfect here. I imagine that after long ages shall have passed in other existences life then will be imperfect. We are immortal now—we are in the midst of the immortality now, and still we are imperfect. The traditional dogma that the imperfect ones, the weak ones, go to the ill places and remain in hopeless misery does not solve the problem of the imperfect life. Universalism says: The immortal soul of man is forever a child of God, and the Good Father leads it, through joy and grief, through chastening and reward, but ever by the hand of an Almighty goodness nearer to the divine regions of exaltation. The weak ones do not expire in this faith as some would have us believe of their convictions. They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." It seems hardly gracious for one imperfect soul to grade of other imperfect souls dropping out of existence because of imperfection. If one imperfect soul shall cease to exist all imperfect souls may cease. Universalism will not concede the extinction of that element in man which is a part of God. There is not a force in the universe that was ever known to cease, and the moral and spiritual dynamics are certainly as persistent as the physical. An infinite progress is before all souls. We have not yet taken the first feeble steps of our infancy, and it is too early to talk of finalities. It must be that God sees in the darkest soul infinitely more to love than we can see in the best, and before this wide-reaching spectacle of our imperfections a broad fellowship is preferable to a final judgment of loss."

Mankind must necessarily have moved a long way in the development of the moral and intellectual faculties ere the truth of the non-attainment of perfection could be grasped. The proposition has been well set forth by Rev. E. P. Powell in these words: "The perfect is not attained, but progress is attained." This we take it is the basis of Dr. Rexford's idea. The physical world in which we live bears out the idea of perfection in or of anything we cognize. Man here is immersed in an ocean of discipline. It is the era of submergence. If we can rise sufficiently to be inconsistent we have overcome, perhaps, the strongest hindrance. Emerson in one of his moods condemned consistency. Nobody understood him and he was loaded with reproaches, but Emerson saw the problem of the imperfect life. Progression and perfection are contradictions of terms and ideas when used in related

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

forms of thought. One involves change and development, the other the cessation of both. So far as we know by analogy, correspondence and testimony the next sphere of life is a series of gradations, and nowhere in the universe of mind and matter do we find the elements of perfection. And this is well, for in the incompleteness and shortcomings of things we find the necessity for growth and expansion. The ideal ever eludes us and genius never reaches its goal. The spur to achieve is found in the lack of fortuitous environment, and it is fair to say that fortuitous circumstances bear as greatly upon the problem of existence as struggle does, perhaps more so. The tooth and the elbow are the conservers and conservators of might, power and profit, but they are such by virtue of favorable environment as often as by power. The road to perfection is a long one, but unity among men is the great guide of the way. Men who, like Dr. Rexford, are holding fast to the inherent goodness of the human heart and are seeking to clear away the rubbish surrounding the vital spark, are gradually drawing the component parts of life together and teaching the world a grander meaning, a more rational understanding of the mystical and simple laws begetting us about.

PROFESSOR ROBERT HARE.

Mr. Hare was born in Philadelphia, Jan. 17, 1781, died at Philadelphia, May 15, 1854. He was a chemist and professor of chemistry in the medical department of the Pennsylvania university from 1818 to 1847. In 1816 he wrote "Chemical Apparatus and Manipulation" and other works. In the latter part of his life, when freed from cares he investigated Spiritualism scientifically, and reported them in newspaper articles and pamphlet form, most of which is now out of print. But the records exist variously of his acceptance of the spiritual phenomena, and thus belongs to the category of scientists in our ranks.

KARMA.

In an interview Countess Wachtmeister was asked:

"What are the leading doctrines of Theosophy?"

"Karma is one and reincarnation the other."

"Karma? It is the law of cause and effect, immutable and irrevocable. Why does a person do wrong? Because he has thought wrong. One can not become a thing until he has willed to become that thing. It is the law at the basis of life, character and everything. It recommends itself to the judgment of thoughtful people because it furnishes an explanation of things. That is why so many educated people are becoming interested in Theosophy. It gives an intelligible and scientific basis for life."

"What a man thinks about in this life becomes his character in another life. Is it not possible that some mental faculty which you desire and strive after in this life may be evolved in the life to come? That is reincarnation."

We find many readers of the Light of Truth interested in astrology, and for their benefit have employed Julius Erickson of St. Louis to conduct a department on astrology for the readers of the Light of Truth. Mr. Erickson has won a national reputation as an astrologer, and was selected because of his well-known ability. He will answer all questions addressed to the Light of Truth, and after introducing the subject will give ten easy lessons in astrology, with all necessary illustrations. Our readers will find this new department under Mr. Erickson's control interesting and instructive.

DOGMA OR INSPIRATION?

"And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."—Matt. xxiii, v. 12.

There is more truth than poetry in this little paragraph. It may sound like a piece of dogmatism to the casual thinker, but to the careful observer of human events it is an inspiration of fact that has been and will ever be. It is simply an effect of law. Arrangement is what is meant by self-exaltation, and such is in direct opposition to the calm and silent operations of law as it concerns man.

Man grows. None can deny this. Growth is an effect of law. Man reasons. That, too, is an effect of law. Both act from without. They touch him like the sap life touches the root of a tree to induce growth. If we disturb the operations of this law by twisting or bending the tree it dies or withers—loses its health. Arrangement is a similar action—willfulness in man that prevents the life sap of nature from flowing harmoniously into his being—an interference with the law of nature to operate on him. He naturally grows, for the psychic influence of such a condition affects his surroundings disagreeably. People feel uncomfortable in the atmosphere of the proud, haughty and self-sufficient or self-righteous. We unconsciously withdraw from his presence, leaving him alone, and the final result is an abasement.

The opposite exists, because it is in harmony with natural law. Offering no resistance, nature can send her best influences through such a subject, and the effects of this is agreeable to those coming in contact with him. Friends are generated, and good feelings added, which makes the recipient buoyant, joyful, energetic and content. Prosperity generally grows out of such a state of mind and body, and indicates that rewards and punishments are as much an effect of physical nature as it is believed to be of spiritual nature or of the life beyond.

People often speak wiser than they know, even if it has an ipse dixit ring to it, and the above is an example of such an inspiration.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Rochester, N. Y., has secured the honor of being designated as the place of holding the fiftieth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, a celebration calculated to be of international interest, to be held in March, 1897, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Boston and other cities made efforts to secure the jubilee, but the inducement held out by the people of Rochester added to which was the fact that the early history of the movement is indissolubly connected with that city, resulted in the decision.

This will be the greatest gathering of the kind in the history of the world. It is estimated that not less than 50,000 people will be in attendance. Spiritualists in France, England, Germany and other European countries have already stated their intention of being present.

The program will extend through at least ten days. This is an event to which all liberal minded people will look forward with much pleasure, and although nearly a year hence, active preparations are already under way.

Truth is cheap. She asks only a hearing. It is the tardy tamed and loud sounding bary of error that has to be paid for. The multitude will push and squeeze to get a front seat and pay the highest price to see the flaming show and hear the pattered rhapsodies about their epiphanies. The mendicant died in rage, although a philosopher with the genius of Plato, the fire of Aristotle, or the devotion of Christ, can not get a hearing.

OUR CRUSADE.

Friends, do not neglect the crusade. It has come to stay. Its effects have already been made manifest in the last anniversary of our cause. An unusual energy was displayed. Not only by our own people to make it agreeable, but by outsiders to join with us—to a considerable extent due to the Occult Science Quarterly, which preceded it as a herald of good tidings from the beyond. People naturally became curious to look into Spiritualism, and, watching for an opportunity they found our anniversary a fitting occasion. A like effect it would have on local societies if they were to order a hundred or so of these papers for judicious distribution in their town prior to a Sunday advertising of some extraordinary services. The Quarterly is a ten cent paper which nearly everyone would prize sufficiently to pass on to another reader. We sell it for 3 cents a copy or \$20 a thousand. Send in your orders and try the experiment.

Following are the crusaders reported this week:

R S Neel, John Hansel, W E Pritchard, E A Westrom, M D, Mrs Catherine Wagner, Anna Friedrich, Mrs W C Coffman, Delsie Wheeler, Mrs Sarah McClintock, August Hult, Mrs Emily P Beebe, Rev Wm A Ofonoun, Mrs Caroline Watson, Mrs Frank Harding, H C Towner, Mary Allen, J Alex Smith, Mrs William H Moore, Mrs Lizzie Rockhill, T A Lee, Ellis B George, Mrs Rawlston, E W Page, T H Springer, G W Dustin, L E Page, Mrs J H Carder, Jos H Bone, R D Rice, Marie Dahlem, Samuel Briggs, C Hawn, Mrs Kate Kellogg, Wm H Card.

OTHERS HAVE FELT THE SAME THING.

Mrs. Annie Besant has been in Chicago, and her recollections of the place are thus set forth:

"No one who is the least sensitive, far less anyone who by training has had some of the inner senses awakened, can pass, not only within Chicago, but within miles of Chicago, without being conscious of a profound sense of depression that comes down upon him, a sense of shrinking, as it were, from pollution, a sense of horror which at first is not clearly recognized nor is its source at once seen. I was reading, as I am in the habit of doing on the train, and I did not even know that I was coming within a considerable distance of the town. I was conscious suddenly of this sense of depression that came upon me; I did not recognize it at first—my thoughts were anywhere but in the city—but it made itself so strongly felt that I began to look and to try to sense what it was that was causing this result; and I found very soon what the reason of it was, and then I remembered that I was coming into the great slaughter-house of the United States. It was as though one came within a physical pall of blackness and of misery—this psychic or astral result being, as it were, the covering that overspreads that mighty town."

In changing the tone and business methods of the Light of Truth we find it necessary to establish the rule of discontinuing papers immediately when the subscription expires. Many of our old readers will doubtless think they should be exempted from this rule, but the list of subscribers being so large it is impossible to separate one class from another, and the rule must be applied to all. Our friends will understand the necessity for this new departure.

You may now ask your newsdealer for the Occult Science Monthly, a new illustrated paper published by the Light of Truth. Single copies 10 cents.

Just out: The Psychometric Dictionary. Price 25 cents.

A GOOD AND TIMELY THOUGHT.

Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings, in her anniversary address in the First Spiritualist church at Indianapolis, elaborated on the lines:

"What consummate fools the fear of death Doth make us."

By way of preface she said she believed that all poets are inspirational poets; even the jinglers, who, however, do not tap the rock of poesy in life so high. She believed that shoes were as much cobbled by inspiration as pictures were painted.

"Men have talked much, and it seems to me vainly and foolishly, about dying and going into eternity, or preparing themselves for going to meet their God. To all modern, thinking, studying Spiritualists such remarks as I have quoted cannot but appear empty and meaningless. We know that we are in life eternal now; that all life is eternal; that God, being everywhere, as these consistent theologians say, we do not have need to go to him. He is here, with us, about us, in us if we will but let Him in. There is such a thing, however, as more consciousness of God. But to speak of going to meet Him is like speaking on this cloudy morning of going to meet the sun tomorrow. The sun is here today, but his face is darkened by the clouds between him and us. So is the presence of God shadowed by the clouds of doubt and ignorance and superstition and fear. Death is but the agent which opens one more of the rooms in Our Father's house of many mansions; it is for us simply the passing from one room to another; from, perhaps, the narrow and contracted room in which we have been living to a larger and much more beautiful one. Today our recognition of what death is is spreading like a tidal wave over the earth. We are in the midst of life—nay, we are life. We are eternal as is God. This body of ours is but an external manifestation. It is but the external envelope of the spirit, the real man. We are living among the immortals now; it is but the body that is mortal and we are but making outward manifestations of what we really are. In God we live and move and have our being. When God dies we shall die and not before."

PROPHECY.

Mr. R. W. Hamilton of Dayton, O., a commercial traveller, visits our city (Wheeling, W. Va.) monthly on business trips. Although not a professional medium, he has several phases. Whilst here he gives circles free for the benefit and advancement of the cause. In prophecy and test he is especially fine, and has been very successful in his predictions and clairvoyant descriptions, having foretold a number of things which have come to pass. In one of his circles held here in February he prophesied the passing out of a lady, a near relative of the writer, giving a clairvoyant description of the occupant of a coffin in the center of the room; also the old home-stand where she was born and raised. The prophecy was verified in a few days, the writer not knowing at that time that the party was sick, he being in one part of the state and we in another. He also prophesied the passing out by railroad accident of a gentleman residing in this city, that was to take place in the near future. Inside of two weeks the accident occurred and the man was brought home for burial. These are only samples of many tests given and predictions made that have come true, proving his honesty as a medium and worker in the cause. We predict for this medium a brilliant future in freeing the creed-bound intellects with which this place is so generously burdened. VESTAMEDE.

Mrs. Tingley has written an occult play entitled, "The First Crusade."



MRS. EVA PFUNTNER.

Mrs. Pfuntner, formerly Mrs. Sagmaster, by which name she came into prominence as a spiritual worker, is a fine trance, clairvoyant and psychometric medium, and deserves a place in the hearts of all good people for her earnest endeavor and love for Spiritualism. She has sacrificed much for the cause, and thus won her way to a position that none can assail by virtue of the law that protects her from the beyond. Her labors are principally missionary.

IF I SHOULD DIE.

If I should die tonight,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight.

If I should die tonight,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands in which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die tonight,
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me
Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore—perchance—
And soften in the old familiar way,
For who could war with dumb unconscious clay!
So I might rest forgiven of all tonight.

Oh, friends, I pray tonight,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow!
The way is lonely, let me feel them now,
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;
Forgive, oh hearts estranged, forgive I plead!
When dreamless sleep is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

The anniversary of Modern Spiritualism had an unusually large echo this year. It has been celebrated nearly everywhere. From almost every important city in the civilized world comes reports of its observations. This is significant in that it manifests a position among Spiritualists to love their cause, and once the soul chord has been touched in a manner to manifest outwardly, the cause it represents, is safe.

Herbert Spencer closes his last great work on "The Principles of Sociology" in the following words: "The ultimate man will be one whose private requirements coincide with public ones. He will be that manner of man who, in spontaneously fulfilling his own nature, incidentally performs the functions of a social unit; and yet is only enabled to fulfill his own nature by all others doing the like."

A NEW TRIUMPH.

The Dreaded Consumption Can Be Cured.

T. A. Slocum, the Great Chemist and Scientist,
Will Send to Sufferers, Three Free
Bottles of His Newly Discovered
Remedies to Cure Consumption
and All Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be more falser, more philanthropic or carry more joy to the afflicted, than the generous offer of the honored and distinguished chemist, T. A. Slocum, M. C., of New York City.

He has discovered a reliable and absolute cure for consumption, and all bronchial, throat, lung and chest diseases, catarrhal affections, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting away; and to make its great merits known, will send three free bottles of his newly discovered remedies to any afflicted reader of Light of Truth.

Already his "new scientific system of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases.

The Doctor considers it not only his professional, but his religious duty—a duty which he owes to suffering humanity—to donate his infallible cure.

He has proved the "dreaded consumption" to be a curable disease beyond a doubt, in any climate, and has on file in his American and European laboratories thousands of "heartfelt testimonials of gratitude" from those benefited and cured, in all parts of the world.

Catarrhal and pulmonary troubles lead to consumption, and consumption, uninterupted, means speedy and certain death. Don't delay until it is too late. Simply write T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine street, New York, giving express and postoffice address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Please tell the Doctor you saw his offer in Light of Truth.

A SPECIAL

Premium Offer For New Subscribers

FOR TEN DAYS ONLY.

Six Months Subscription to LIGHT OF TRUTH and a copy of either *Higher Realms*, *Psychic Studies* or *Signs of the Times* for only 50 cents.

Take your choice of either one of these books and six months subscription for FIFTY CENTS

A conductor on the Intercolonial and Great Northern railway named Painter relates the following: He saw that shortly after his marriage he made a compact with his wife that whichever died first should appear to the other. She only lived a year, and shortly after her demise, while he was sitting reading one evening, she walked up to him and laid her hand on his shoulder. She talked with him a few minutes as freely as though in the flesh, then, picking up a pair of shears that lay on the table, said: "After I am gone you may doubt that I appeared to you. You may think it is a dream or hallucination. Keep this as a souvenir and doubt not." She cut a piece from her dress, laid it on the table and vanished. The goods resembled white silk, but the textile experts confess that they do not know what it is—that if any such goods were ever woven in an earthly loom they do not know it.

Look out for the new and interesting narrative by the author of "Higher Realms," to begin in a near issue. The greatest Spiritual exposition ever given to our readers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SOUL VISION.

HOW A STARVING FAMILY WAS
SAVED BY THE AID OF
SPIRITS.

A REMINISCENCE.

I do not believe much in dreams, do you? And I think I am as free from superstition as most men who have clansmen blood in their veins. But will you let me tell you a little story? It is a true one.

Uncle Phil and I had returned from a chase after a herd of deer. There was much snow on the ground and we were very worn out. We retired early to our beds of bear skins and robes. At 9 o'clock Aunt Cleo awoke me by passing her hand gently over my face (rubbing the hand over the face of the sleeper whom we wished to awaken without creating alarm or surprise was one of the customs of camp), and whispered:

"Marsa Chappy, jis git up quick and come to the kitchen. I's sompen to tell ye. Now hurry, come right away. It's mity 'portant."

As we never indulged in tricks, practical jokes or sells with each other I knew there must be something of importance, or Cleo would not awaken me at this hour, knowing I had made a hard day's march and was very tired.

I followed Cleo to the kitchen. As I entered the door she put her hand to her lips (a signal of silence with us). She began by saying, "Now Honey," (Cleo always called me Honey when she was in a tender, melting mood, and was more than ordinarily anxious for us to grant her request), "You mus'en make no fuss to wake demuns in t'other room. Now, Honey, you don't go and poke no fun at me, needer. I's had a vision, I has, an a mity clear one, I tells ye. There is sompen happened and dere is sompen a happenin' right now, an' dere is sompen a guine to happen mity soon. No a-foolin' dis chile when da Lord come in da night time like dis here away in dem visions ob Hizen. I sat down right here in dis here berry spot to smoke 'fore goin' to bed, an' Lord a mity, what you think? I seen it as plain as I see you dis berry minit, a-standin' afore me."

I said: "Now, Cleo, none of your hobgoblins and spook business about me."

"Now, Honey, I tells ye when da good Lord comes straight to old Cleo in da night time, dis like dis, she's guine to do jis as He tells her, and you don't want to do no foolishness about it, needer. I seen her jis as plain as I sees dat winder, jis a standin' thar a reachin' in her long, white hands to me, an' two little chillen, yes Honey, two little chillen, an' a woman, al a-layin' on da cold groun', 'most froze an' a-starvin', ah' she jis cried and cried an' reached dem poor, little white hands out to me an' said, jis as plain as I's a talkin' dis berry minit, 'Aunt Cleo, Aunt Cleo, won't you send our Marsa Chappy with sompen to eat for my poor babies, we's a-starvin' an' I's sick.' Now, Honey, won't you go, quick, it is just over da hill yonder' (pointing eastward).

To please good, kind 'Aunt Cleo (whose heart was as pure, white and loyal as ever beat under the fairest skin of royal birth), I promised her I would try to get Humpty to go with me in the morning to hunt for the goats that had visited her tonight.

"Now, Honey, you jist be 'shamed of yourself makin' sport of what da good Lord 'as said to me in da vision."

I returned to my pallet of skins. I had no confidence whatever in the story of Cleo, yet my sleep was broken for the night. I cat-napped until early morning, when I arose and dressed, barnished my gun and arranged my ammunition. I went out to the stockade, fed and groomed my best mules, hardly knowing why I did it.

As I was returning from the stockade to the cabin Humpty met me with a message from his squaw to come to wigwam "soon much."

I went. The Indian household was up broiling the breakfast steak. Humpty's squaw had a vision, and, strange to relate, was the same as Aunt Cleo's, with but slight variation. She imploringly took me by the hand, saying, "Go, good chief, pale face mother much good two pappoose. Great Father send good spirit, go, Humpty go with you."

I asked her what direction. She pointed east and said, "Sun rise; one sun." (One sun was one day's march.) She imploringly took me by the hand, saying, "Go, good chief, pale face mother much good two pappoose. Great Father send good spirit, go, Humpty go with you."

I asked Humpty if he believed the Great Father sent good spirits in visions to save pale faced woman and pappoose. He said "Yes." I told him to get ready his pony and gun, we would start soon. I returned to the cabin. Cleo was up and had my steak broiled and coffee ready. I told her that I had been down to the wigwam and that old Blinkey (the name Humpty's squaw went by in the camp on account of a game eye) had prevailed on Humpty to go with me.

As I was finishing my coffee Antone came from his room, all excitement, saying, "Oh, Chappy, I have had such a troubled dream." Hurriedly told; it was about this: "A large, fine-looking man stood by me with a basket on his arm filled with broiled meat and said: 'My wife and two children are starving in a cave in the mountains. I have just come from them. I knew that your camp was here and that you had brave, daring men. I encouraged my poor wife and children to be brave and try and live a little longer, that I would come to your camp and tell their condition, and I knew you would send somebody to save them; they are eight leagues east, bearing north, south of a high peak of the mountains. They will burn a signal light by night and a signal smoke by day. Take this basket and send it to them.'"

I told Antone Cleo's and Blinkey's visions and that Humpty and I were ready to start to hunt them. In a few minutes we were off with ten days' rations.

II.

It was one of those clear, crystal mornings, in all its crisp brightness, such as is seen only in this latitude and altitude. The glittering snow in its resplendent brightness everywhere on the mountain peaks, the mountain sides the flats and canons. We worked our way down the canon over a partly beaten path to the valley to avoid the deep snow on the open mountain passes.

On arriving at the valley we turned our faces eastward with nothing but a long stretch of glittering snow before us, no signs of habitation of man or beast. We soon struck the bed of a small wet weather stream that doubtless had running water when the snow had fallen, which when striking the water had melted and had been swept away by the current. Many places the bed of the stream was bare and dry.

We made good time and at 2 in the afternoon we halted where the snow had been blown from the grass. We let our mules feed and ate our dinners, talked, planned and concluded. As yet

we had seen nothing that gave signs of those for whom we were hunting. When I would suggest this or that mountain as probably the one Humpty would shake his head and grunt just like nothing else on earth can grunt but an Indian when he means to.

Mules saddled, loaded and we are in the saddles again. The valley seemed to be narrowing as we moved eastward. An hour's ride brought us within a few hundred yards of high mountains to the east in front of us. It looked as though we had reached the head of the valley.

Rounding the spur of the mountain to our left we could see the extension of the valley to the northeast. Humpty's face, which had worn a stolid and expressionless look all day, now brightened up with a pleased expression, and gave a big grunt of approval. We were bearing northeast and soon came in sight of a lofty peak of the mountain, to which Humpty pointed with approval and exclaimed "smoke." I could see nothing that looked like smoke. I placed my field glass to my eye. In the distance I could see a light, film-like cloud or mist arising from the distant hills. "No Indian, white man's smoke," grunted Humpty.

It was near sundown. We pursued on in the direction of the smoke until darkness settled around us. Finding a patch of dead grass we dismounted. After letting our mules feed and eating a lunch, we mounted and trudged on toward where we last saw the smoke.

The snow was deep. In the dark we were unable to avoid the deep places, hence our progress was slow and fatiguing to our animals.

Bun, our faithful dog, gave out entirely with his feet. We gave him a seat upon a mule. We kept on the march until some time in the night, when Bun gave a low bark. We suddenly turned our faces to the north and behold, a dim beacon light, not two hundred yards from us, to the left. "No Indian, pale face," said Humpty. We approached cautiously and found the beacon light fire on a large rock several feet high and detached from the main cliff. Just behind this rock, which no doubt had been rent at some time in the past from its parent cliff, towered, hundreds of feet, a peak or almost perpendicular cliff.

The wind blew dismally around us. We were glad to find shelter behind this rock. Bun gave an unmistakable sign of the presence of something, yet not the danger signal on which we relied implicitly. We lighted our dark lantern and flashed the light around us. After a few moments' diligent search we found the mouth or entrance of a small cave. No light, no signs of life. Bun seemed anxious to enter the cave. I snapped his chain to the ring of his collar that I might the better control him. As we approached the cave he sniffed the air; putting his nose to the ground he began wagging his tail (a sign of gladness, always, with Bun), and looking up into my face with a pleased yet anxious look, which said, as plain as could be, "Master, hurry up."

We prepared to enter the cave as quickly as possible. Bun's movements told us plainly that we were not entering a cave of wild beasts, hence we had no hesitancy in entering the cave.

III.

As we entered I flashed the light before us that we might know the ground over which we were to travel. We discovered a few feet in advance of us that the passageway was closed by a wall of rock. On approaching what seemed to be the terminus of the cave we found a narrow opening to the left. We could see the reflection or the faint glimmer of light on the wall of the passageway. The smell of smoke met us as we turned into the

passages. A few steps brought us to a small room. A dim, smouldering fire was burning against the wall of the cave and near the fire lay the prostrate forms of a woman and two children. We approached them quietly so as not to create alarm or surprise. The woman seemed to be dead. I laid my hand on her brow. It was cold and damp.

Humpty grunted out, "Nocleo" (dead). Her pulse was feeble, fluttering, faltering. A few drops of cordial revived her. Slowly opening her eyes she feebly whispered, "Will they come for the babies?" We had brought with us a canteen of milk; the work only of a moment to warm it. A few drops more of cordial and a sup of milk and the fainting woman dropped her head on the pillow of dry grass and we turned our attention to the little girls. As they were aroused from the slumber of starvation they did not recognize strangers in their desolate home, but cried, "Mamma, Mamma, will they come? I am so hungry; did the Lord tell you he would send them to us?" Speaking gently, I said: "Yes, darlings, the lord has sent us to you and mamma." They were rescued from death by starvation in a lonely cave in the depths of the mountain.

IV.

The third day our charges were so recruited in strength that they left the cave and headed for our mountain home, where we arrived at 10 o'clock at night the fifth day after our departure. Cleo and the squaw declared it was all the good spirit's doings by sending the messenger in the vision. From that time on Cleo and Humpty's squaw were more firmly grounded in the belief of spirit visitation. It did look a little that way, did it not?

This was their simple story. The season before, they, in company with other emigrants, had started overland for Oregon. In consequence of a foot-sore ox in their team they dropped out of the train to rest a few days and doctor their oxen's foot, hoping to fall in with other emigrants, with whom they would complete their journey.

The Indians came down upon them, killed the husband and father, captured the mother and little girls and bore them away north of the emigrant trail. Through the influence and friendship of the chief's daughter the little girls' lives were spared and their escape from the Indians was effected after months of the most abject slavery, subjected to every drudgery of an Indian camp life, beaten most cruelly by the squaws of the tribe, with the pending, unspeakable horror of a forced union with the slayer of her beloved husband.

After traveling on foot about two hundred miles, camping in the open plain and mountains, hiding in the grass by day, traveling all night long, whither she knew not, exposed to the danger of savage beasts that constantly roamed that desolate, uninhabited country, shivering in the biting cold of the fierce November storms, carrying what little supplies she could, foot-sore, exhausted and heartsick, they took refuge in this lonely cave, hoping to subsist until spring.

Their stock of provisions was exhausted. They had subsisted for weeks on roots and some small rodents that they were enabled to capture with her bow and arrow that her deliverer had given her, the mother and children were starving to death.

By spring they were fully restored, and joined the first emigrant train for the Pacific coast.

A braver, nobler woman I have never met.

Dear reader, we do not ask even a sympathetic thought for ourselves, wild, devilish, reckless fellows, to whom danger is pleasure, hardships are rest and recklessness is the achievement of rivalry, but as you re-

cline in your easy chair, swing in your hammock, surrounded by every comfort and luxury that money can buy or kind friends procure, protected by the strong arm of the law under the vigilance of a well appointed police, in your happy house of plenty with the family circle unbroken, with the smiling faces of happy children around you beaming upon you, assured of every request being granted, think of and drop a silent tear for the brave self-sacrificing manhood and womanhood who have "taken their lives in their hands, with faces towards the setting sun, to prepare the way for your coming civilization." (Estal huago.)

SANTIAGO.



MRS. M. A. TUSSEY.

Mrs. Tussey is of St. Paul, Minn., where she had been a fearless worker for a goodly season. She is known to many by her earnest and untiring zeal for the cause.

LATE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES IN FRANCE.

Recent reports from Paris contain the following remarkable manifestations:

Yzeures, a picturesque little town in Indre-et-Loire, not far from Roche Posay and Fontgombault, was till recently a place of which the existence was unknown even to most Frenchmen. It has no history, but it has now begun to obtain that, perhaps, unenviable notoriety attached to the possession of a haunted house. It is not, however, quite correct to call the dwelling in which the "manifestations" occur a 'haunted house,' for it is less the building than the family inhabiting it that is haunted. Twenty years ago M. and Mme. Sabourault, then a newly married couple, who took up their residence at Poitiers, first witnessed the extraordinary phenomena which still occur at their house. At Bourneau and Loudun, where they lived successively before coming to Yzeures, they were the victims of the same persecutions, the phenomena sometimes ceasing for a while, only to recommence with renewed intensity.

In this case a girl of about twelve years of age, Mlle. Renee Sabourault, seems to be the involuntary medium. In any case, it is she who is at the present time particularly persecuted. For instance, when by chance she goes on a visit to friends or relations the phenomena follow her to the place where she may temporarily reside. The manifestations which have accompanied M. and Mme. Sabourault ever since their wedding day have been various. The displacement of objects has seldom occurred, but fantastically shaped phantoms have been seen more frequently, especially in recent years, by Mlle. Renee, and noises of all sorts have been and are still constantly heard. At Yzeures a large number of the inhabitants have heard the sounds, which they regard as supernatural, but such stories would scarcely merit any attention whatever if they had

not been supported by more trustworthy testimony.

M. Reymond Duplantier, a barrister at Poitiers, having learned that one of his friends, M. Urbain, and several other persons living at Yzeures had heard the unaccountable sounds, resolved to go with a few strong-nerved friends to expose the fraud. They went to Yzeures four times—once in December, twice in January and once in February. On each occasion M. Duplantier and his friends spent a night in the haunted house with the Sabourault family. They commenced by inspecting every nook and corner, and then spent the night in the bed rooms inhabited by the members of the Sabourault family, who were thus kept under strict observation the whole time. Generally lights were kept burning the whole night, but when that was not done the lamp was lighted on the first sound being heard. The phenomena, therefore, took place in full light. In a long, detailed account of his four visits to Yzeures, M. R. Duplantier declares that on the first occasion he and his friends heard six loud knocks on the stairs. The second night they spent under M. Sabourault's roof was a little more interesting. After 1:30 in the morning a great deal of knocking occurred on the stairs, on the walls and all around, some of the blows seeming to be struck in the air several meters above the roof of the house. Then came scratching at a partition wall, followed by the noise of the walking of a man in a garret above, and the pattering of a four-footed animal. Immediately those unaccountable sounds were heard M. Duplantier and his friends examined anew the rooms from which they seemed to issue, but could discover nothing which could have produced them. As soon as the door was opened the noise ceased, but began again immediately it was closed after the inspection of the room. During the third night the manifestations were very similar to those observed on the second.

But on M. Duplantier's fourth visit they were for the Poitiers barrister and his friends yet more extraordinary. Some invisible hand, which from the sound might be nothing but bone, began knocking at a partition wall as early as 10 o'clock in the evening. The questions put by M. Duplantier were invariably answered by three clear knocks and energetic scratching at the wall. After that five hours elapsed without anything extraordinary occurring, but at 3 o'clock in the morning the wooden stairs were heard to crack and groan under the weight of a colossal though invisible being. Describing what occurred, M. Duplantier says:

"We heard on each step of the stairs the noise of immense feet shuffle heavily down one after the other till the last step was reached. During all the time the stairs, though they are new and strong, groaned and cracked. Then it was the turn of the partition wall separating the passage from the rooms leading out of it which was shaken by sudden and energetic blows. With a light we looked about everywhere. We searched the garret, the staircase and the passage, which were absolutely empty. During the rest of the night distant knocking was heard. The blows seemed to be struck above the house."

M. Duplantier concludes his communication with the remark that, though what he and his friends observed at Yzeures is insignificant compared with what the Sabourault family witness constantly, it is sufficient to merit attention, as he regards it as impossible to be explained by natural causes or fraud.

That Occult Science Quarterly has done the business.

PSYCHIC HEALING.

Every true Spiritualist knows the wonderful results obtained from psychic healing through the proper mediums. The wonders achieved by Drs. Peebles & Burroughs in this line of work proves them the greatest of modern psychic physicians. Every mail brings many letters like the following:

Crystal Lake, Ill., March 1st, 1897.—Dear Doctors: Your magnetized paper did me great good. My stomach has felt better since using it and I have felt better in every way.—Mrs. Sarah Marlow.

Wakelee, Mich., Feb. 28th, 1897.—My Dear Doctors: I received the medicine the 25th. I am gaining steadily. The psychic treatment is doing wonders for me.—Sarah E. Goff.

Candia, N. H., Feb. 14th, 1897.—I think the medicine has done wonders for me. I have many times been sensitive of spirit help during the sittings. One night I was reading and forgot the time and my chair began to rock very decidedly.—E. J. Jilison.

So. Deerfield, Mass., Jan. 27th, 1897.—When sitting for psychic treatment I put my hand upon your signature and I feel the electricity strong.—Minnie W. White.

If you are suffering from any chronic disease which your physician has failed to cure, address Drs. Peebles & Burroughs, Indianapolis, Indiana, at once, stating name, age, sex and one leading symptom, and they will send you by return mail an accurate diagnosis of your case with medical advice free.

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EDWIN R. KIDD.

Mr. Kidd is a resident of Canton, O., the home of President William McKinley. During Mr. Kidd's earlier life he lived in the Christian faith and was a member of the Presbyterian church. At the beginning of the year 1874, and while in Louisville, Ky., he attended his first seance, at which he received some very convincing proofs of continued life beyond the grave. Later on, and after he had returned to Chicago, his home at that time, he was, through the mediumship of May and Lizzie Bangs, convinced that Spiritualism is not merely an ism, but an established fact. Mr. Kidd is now, and has been for a number of years, an active worker in the cause of Spiritualism in the town in which he lives.—Corr.

The World of Psychics and Liberal Thought.

Mrs. Annie Besant is annoyed by the many different pronunciations of her name. Bee-sant, with the accent on the final syllable, is particularly obnoxious. "Make it rhyme with pleasant and you are correct," says the talented apostle.

Tillie, the 12-year-old daughter of D. T. Faith, residing in White township, Clearfield county, Pa., has been ill for several months. During that time she has been in a number of trances and has astonished friends and neighbors by her descriptions of heavenly scenes and of persons who passed away long before she was born. She described accurately the way her mother, who died eight years ago, was dressed when buried, although the child did not see her dead parent before burial. Tillie said she saw her mother during one of her trances. She also described a brother who died before she was born, and the description was so accurate that the bewildered father was frightened. Hundreds of neighbors have visited the Faith home and conversed with the child, and to all their questions she has given remarkably accurate replies.

Twenty negro patients at the City hospital in Louisville, Ky., were terror stricken one night recently, and one of them was so frightened that he climbed down a fire escape and has not been seen since. The cause of the fright was an appearance of the apparition of a negro they had treated badly when alive.

Has it occurred to anybody that the "restoration of confidence" now so thoroughly enjoyed by the masses of American hobos may be attributed to the weather and not necessarily to the recent presidential election?

There was a gathering of about fifty Spiritualists, March 31, at the Fox house in Hydesville, N. Y., where modern Spiritualism originated in rappings 49 years ago. The mediums of the party produced numerous phenomena on the historic site, including messages from Anna Leah Fox and Horace Greeley.—The Truth Seeker.

Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann, rector of St. Agnes Roman Catholic church in New York city, in a recent sermon asserted that the United States is not a Christian nation and quoted from official statistics as follows: "Of the 79,000,000 of people in the United States but 29,000,000 are church communicants, according to the last census. Of the 29,000,000 there are 7,000,000 Roman Catholics. How can we call ourselves a Christian nation when confronted by these figures? Apart from the Roman Catholics there are only about 13,000,000 practical Christians out of the whole 79,000,000."

The shade of Arthur Duestrow, an executed wife-murderer of St. Louis, Mo., is reported to have been seen going into the cell he formerly occupied in the Four Courts prison in that city.

Schrader, the healer, who has been doing much good in Providence, R. I., was frightened away by threats of imprisonment at the instigation of the board of health. The "regulars" and the undertakers have a monopoly there and they don't propose being disturbed.

Pennsylvania solons are trying to harness hypnotism to the "regulars." A bill to suppress its practice is now before the legislature of that state.

Knowledge is achieved by a great many people but wisdom comes to a very few.

Dr. Prendergast of the Cincinnati Board of Health has been suspended. He is the gentleman who importuned the city council to pass an ordinance prohibiting hypnotic exhibitions. But then he was not so well known as now.

Benjamin F. Burley, one of the oldest and best known residents of Altoona, Pa., was taken sick some months ago and at the time of his seizure he told his friends that he would never recover, and that on April 8th, 1897, he would pass away. April 8th came, and true to his prediction, he passed to the other life on that date. Mr. Burley enjoyed the distinction of forging the pedestal frames for the first locomotive turned out from the Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania railroad and had been connected with that road for more than forty years.

Old-time Parisians have been talking this week about the extraordinary coincidence between the recent death of Jules Jouy, the ballad composer, and of Rodolphe Salis, the hoaxter, and, as he liked to call himself, the gentleman publican. Salis founded the literary and artistic tavern of the Black Cat, which enjoyed a universal reputation and made his fortune. There is a Montmartre legend to the effect that one day Jules Jouy tumbled down the stairs of the Chat Noir, and Salis, in a fit of annoyance, said that he wished the ballad maker's skull had been smashed in the fall. Jouy, picking himself up, retorted: "When I die, my dear Salis, you will only have three days to live."

The prophecy, if ever uttered, has been fulfilled, for three days after the death of Jouy, who had been in a lunatic asylum for the last year, Salis passed away at Brest, where he was conducting a show.

Capital punishment is a thing of the past in Colorado, Governor Adams having signed the bill abolishing the barbarity in that state.

The worst flood ever known in the great Mississippi watershed has been prevailing during the past fortnight. The property losses are enormous, scores of human lives have been sacrificed, and thousands of miles of fertile soil are under water.

The strange unwillingness of the Chinese to afford help to a drowning man, or any one in absolute peril of his life otherwise, is based upon a belief that the ghost of the last man killed always acts as "watchman" of the haunts or purgatory into which, according to Chinese belief, the spirit of the departed first enters, and from which he can only be relieved by the arrival of a fresh ghost. If, therefore, a man's life be saved from accidental death, the spirit of the person who died immediately before him is, in a manner, cheated out of his relief, and will assuredly haunt the person whose misplaced humanity has condemned it to a fresh term of dismal servitude. This belief also obtains among the Highlanders of Scotland.

Mrs. J. T. Barham, wife of a leading merchant of Capron, Va., was, until a few days ago, a helpless bedridden invalid, and had been so for many months. She awoke her husband one night recently and startled him by declaring that she wanted to walk around the room. Mr. Barham thought his wife was delirious, and was nearly dumfounded when she jumped from the bed and glided nimbly about the house. News of the recovery spread, and there was a big reception and much rejoicing at Barham's residence. Mrs. Barham's father died recently, and since then she has prayed to be well that she might comfort her mother in her old age. She looks upon her cure as a direct answer to her prayer.

It is reported that Rev. Dr. E. L. Rexford of Columbus, O., is to be one of the speakers at Cassadaga Lake the forthcoming season.

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In the Sunny South.

AN EFFECT OF UNDEVELOPED MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor: I have had an experience which is, I deem, of sufficient importance to interest the readers of your valuable paper. I will preface my article by saying that I am a firm believer in spiritual phenomena, and that my belief is the result of careful investigation and several incidents which have occurred in my private home life. The sum and substance of my story is that on a recent Sunday afternoon I gathered a number of cotton balls, which grow so abundantly here. I returned to my office the same afternoon and placed all of the cotton on my desk. Next morning I had some business which demanded that I be on hand early. I accordingly was in my office before 7 o'clock. Now it happened that on the previous Saturday my copy of *The Light of Truth* came through the mail and had been forwarded me from Memphis, where I had

the parties were who had tried to demonstrate their presence.

The strangest part of the story is that in obeying my instructions she learned what occurred in my office and who the friends were, who happened to be near and dear relatives of mine before I wrote a letter telling of the facts myself. What theory can a materialist advance against this argument for the fact that we daily mingle with the unseen?

L. G. LAMBORN.

PSYCHICS.

Our Theosophical friends have coined a new term for guardian angels. They call them "invisible helpers."

Read Rev. R. Heber Newton's sermon on Spiritualism reproduced on another page.

The New York Observer, discussing the question, "Shall the Church Advertise?" says that "pastors should use a sacred ingenuity in this line."



DROPPING THE COTTON BALL.

been recently staying. Not having perused its columns as yet. I took it up that morning and read one or two short articles. All this time I was sitting at another desk in the office, which was by actual measurement ten feet away from the desk on which I had placed the cotton on the previous Sunday afternoon. After reading for a few moments I put the paper down on the desk before me and wrote a letter notifying you of the change in my address from Memphis to Montgomery. After writing the letter I started to address an envelope, and had just written the word "The" when one of those little cotton balls fell directly in front of me and on the open pages of *The Light of Truth*. This story is not exaggerated when I call your attention to the fact that not one bit of cotton was within ten feet of my chair at the time of my writing. At the time of the occurrence I was of the opinion that the little ball of cotton had been carried by unseen hands to me for no other reason than to demonstrate the ability of spirits to manifest when desired. The opinion was afterward strengthened by the letter I received from my mother, who asked while attending a trumpet circle what my experience had been, as I immediately wrote her to attend and find out who

Mr. M. S. Beckwith of St. Louis, Mo., has passed to the beyond. He was a prominent merchant and Spiritualist, and his loss is much regretted by the friends. He was 70 years old.

Our cities should be our homes. What are streets but hallways? What are houses but rooms? What is citizenship but housekeeping? What is politics but the science of family life? —H. N. CASON.

The table-tipping fad has taken hold of Paris. Any way one is likely to receive this sort of a note: "Monsieur and Madame — request Monsieur — to pass the evening of — with them. There will be table-tipping."

Fitzsimmons, the slugger, was given an ovation in New York worthy of a returned warrior. It was an event entirely consonant with the fever and ferocity of metropolitan city life.

Phoebe Cousins, the first woman lawyer, the first female United States marshal, and for many years an uncompromising advocate of woman's rights, is seriously ill at St. Louis.

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED,"
TRY

SAPOLIO

No fable old nor mystic lore,
No dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact, stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years.—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He,
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Gallilee.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by thine.
—J. G. Whittier.

Free to our Readers.—The New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

As stated in our last issue the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, from the wonderful Kava-Kava shrub, is proving a wonderful curative in all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered action of the kidneys. The Kava-Kava Shrub and urinary organs. The New York World publishes the remarkable case of Rev. A. C. Darling, minister of the gospel at North Constantia, New York, cured by Alkavis, when, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine, and was preparing himself for certain death. Following is his letter in full:

North Constantia, Oswego Co., New York.
GENTLEMEN:—

I have been troubled with kidney and kindred diseases for sixteen years and tried all I could get without relief. Two and a half years ago I was taken with a severe attack of La Grippe, which turned to pneumonia. At that time my Liver, Kidneys, Heart, and Urinary Organs all combined in what seemed to me their last attack. My confidence in man and medicine had gone. My hope had vanished and all that was left to me was a dreary life and certain death. At last I heard of Alkavis and as a last resort I commenced taking it. At this time I was using the vesicles as often as sixteen times in one night, without sleep or rest. In a short time, to my astonishment, I could sleep all night as soundly as a baby, which I had not done in sixteen years before. What I know it has done for me, I firmly believe it will do for all who will give Alkavis a fair trial. I most gladly recommend Alkavis to all. Sincerely yours, (Rev.) A. C. DARLING.

Similar testimony to this wonderful new remedy comes from others, including many ladies. Mrs. Mary A. Layman, of Neel, W. Va., twenty years a sufferer; Mrs. Sarah Vunk, Edinboro, Pa.; Mrs. L. E. Copeland, Elk River, Minn.; and many others join in testifying to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis in various forms of Kidney and allied diseases, and of other troublesome afflictions peculiar to womanhood.

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Life, like the ocean's restless wave,
Pursues its onward race;
Death, like equator's fancied line,
Does not divide the space,
But lays the mortal form aside,
And sets the spirit free,
For grander work, and higher aims,
Throughout eternity.

Life burdened with disease and pain;
Death banishes distress,
Exchanges sorrow and despair,
For endless happiness,
Unites in sweet companionship,
The loves that seem apart,
And naught again can separate,
The bond of heart to heart.

Life, laden with perplexities;
Death hath no dread concern,
Solicitude no more can vex,
Or adversary spurn,
For in the realms of "Spirit Life",
Which we through death attain,
In boundless love and tenderness,
The Infinite doth reign.

—Jas. T. Morrison.

SPIRITUAL SHRINES — UNIQUE MEDIUMSHIP.

As a rule I have refrained from giving publicity to private or even public spiritual circles. I do it in this case because I see involved therein a worthy example for the spiritually inclined to copy. I am impressed with the conviction that the loud demand for occult wonders engenders a sickly credulity and unspiritual influence upon character. Where the affectional motive is simple and unsophisticated, sincere and honest, seeking the better life that angel ministry involves, we have corresponding revelations that enlarge and chasten the boundary of thought, moulding us in heavenly imagery.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. McCormack, both 60 or more years old, live alone in a humble home in Minneapolis, Minn., 2408 Riverside avenue. In earlier years they were churchmen. At length their feasting and the dry husks of creeds and syllogisms of dogmas so disgusted them they reacted, as thousands of other so-called Christians have, into a positive agnosticism. But an anti-religious intellectuality, stultifying the spiritual senses, gave them no soul rest. A few years ago, by mere accident, as we are apt to term the little episodes of life, they toyed with the planchette, that seemed to catch now and then a scintillating ray of spiritual intelligence behind the seeming. This led to tests by a light stand, and lo it moved betimes without contact of hands. The raps came, accompanied with intelligent communications. Following up successes gained Mrs. M. developed into unconscious entrancement, when she saw and heard the spirits of the departed, often in happy recognition.

Last winter I was invited to attend one of these home circles. These visits became quite frequent, for I discovered a unique phase of mediumship in Mrs. M., promising important results if judiciously encouraged and managed. A few meetings of neighborly Spiritualists were held in the home, addressed by the writer, and these getting too large, developed into hall meetings, which evidently strengthened the mediumistic batteries of the so-called "haunted home."

The raps are unlike anything of the kind I ever before heard. They seem to be like heart-pulses, acting and reacting, and threading up as if finding vent exteriorly. When Mrs. M.'s mind is centered on some domestic affair, and the ministering spirit wishes to have attention, she hears tiny raps or gentle pulses on the drum of her ear, followed by a zephyrous waif like that of a playful child's whisper.

One evening as Mrs. M., entranced, was keeping time with a tune by her fingers upon the stand, singing at the

time, I suggested that the entrancing spirit use the organ. She sprang to the instrument with the enthusiasm of a girl and played several unheard of airs, singing in an unknown tongue. She had never been taught or practiced music, vocal or instrumental. The new art was bewitching. She is now rapidly progressing in musical talent.

At another sitting, noticing how readily her hand was psychically moved, I suggested that she could be a successful writing medium. She was soon after influenced to try her skill in this direction and made a success. As in her entranced talks, her writings as yet are in an unknown language, purporting to be mainly Egyptian. The promise is made to us that everything of this kind will soon be Englishized. She tells us that when entranced she, as a conscious spirit, is away in an oriental country of ancient times, wonderful for its beauty and restfulness, and that then the controlling spirit occupies and directs the machinery of her body.

There are other phases of mediumship equally instructive, demonstrative beyond cavil, that departed intelligences sway her mind uncommonly free from the tincture or coloring of personal bias of habit or thought.

Aside from these enlightening manifestations, what has specially captured my admiration and spiritual devotion is the fact that the home circles of this worthy couple constitute a spiritual shrine, where they "worship in spirit and in truth." I have given these testimonies of heavenly revelations, dear reader, that you and I and Spiritualists generally may be induced to erect such shrines in our homes, where we can better aid our mediums in progressive enlightenment that shall truly bring angel friends closer to our hearts.

J. O. BARRETT.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

As Spiritualists we have great cause to feel elated with our present prospect for organization. There seems to be but one object in view and that is to get our forces in line. Our views to some extent are being appropriated by those who have been our opponents. But when once organized our power will be enhanced at least ten fold. And where now the name is a source of reproach it will be one of praise. Now permit me to suggest that we throw our influence in favor of "National Prohibition" of the liquor traffic. I believe it would be a source of power to us as well as encouragement to a much needed reform. When we take into consideration the fact that in the United States from three-fourths to four-fifths of all crimes are attributable to the agency of intoxicants it behooves us to question whether any religious reform is properly equipped that does not place its bane upon this monster evil.

Taking a financial view of the liquor traffic we might safely suggest that prohibition would be an antidote for hard times.

The wage-earners alone spend \$500,000,000 annually for intoxicants. Then twice this sum is expended to prosecute criminals, furnish penitentiaries and reform institutions for said criminals, besides hospitals and almshouses for their dependents.

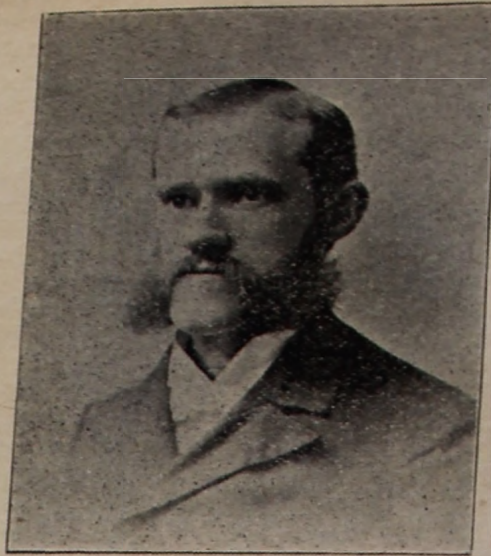
LOU R. HUTCHINSON.

Marathon, O.

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It makes a delicious drink, and relieves fatigue and depression. A grateful tonic.

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OSCAR A. EDGERLY.

Mr. Edgerly is a popular speaker of the eastern states, where he is often heard by lovers of the cause. His themes are varied and always instructive.

A SUGGESTION.

I see by the papers that a great occasion is being arranged to call the attention of this nation and the kingdoms of Europe to participate in the removal of the earthly remains of General U. S. Grant to Riverside Park, New York. President McKinley is to give the address on the occasion. But the papers say the ode can hardly be provided for; "that there are poets and poets, but none equal to this; 'also there are no giants now in poetical America.'" Now under such a state of things I would suggest the following names who might be competent to fill the bill, especially if their antecedents and proclivities did not prejudice the committee of arrangements, viz: Mrs. Richmond, Mr. Colville, Mrs. Brigham and Mrs. Lillie and others whom I am not so familiar with. Let them send in their inspirations to the committee with or without their autograph and something good might come out of it, even if they were not accepted.

GEO. W. BURNHAM.

THE CALIFORNIA MEDIUMS' HOME.

The Hammatt Villa Park and Mediums' Home at Encinitas, Cal., is progressing finely. The cash donations for the past twenty months were \$336.15, of which Mrs. Hammatt donated \$233, for which seed, farming implements, etc., were purchased. The home is now stocked with three horses and a cow. Sixty-seven acres of ground are under cultivation.

For special information or circulars address Mrs. Helen C. Bushyhead, San Diego, Cal., secretary; Mr. Gilbert Arnold, treasurer; or Mrs. Eliza A. Hammatt, Box 42, Encinitas, San Diego Co., Cal.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

M. S. Beckwith, for many years the president of the St. Louis Spiritual association, passed to the spirit world April 7, 1897. At the crematory—where at his desire his body was disposed of—appropriate Spiritual exercises were held, conducted by Mrs. Grimshaw and Mrs. Curtis. Our brother faithfully discharged his duties here and has been called higher.—Sec'y.

Solicit investigation by flooding your district with The Occult Science Quarterly, an illustrated spiritualistic news-paper. For sale at this office. Price 5 cents each, or \$3 per hundred.

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WANTED.

Frank Walker, agent N. S. A., Hamburg, N. Y., wants the name and address of every Spiritualist in New York state. Reader, kindly send him all those you know of in your vicinity.

NOTICE.

Mary T. Longley, M. D., gives advice and magnetic treatments for the cure of disease and obsession, and for the development of mediumship, by mail or at her office; also psychometric readings, including business advice. Terms by mail \$1 and stamp. Address 517 Olive street, Los Angeles, Cal.

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N. B.—Sample pages of Phrenopathy, and special offer to the sick for stamp.



QUESTIONS OR OUR CAUTION. THIS HEED NOTICE. CISE AND

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QUESTIONS OF A SPIRITUAL NATURE OR THOSE APPERTAINING TO OUR CAUSE ARE ANSWERED UNDER THIS HEAD BRIEFLY AND ON SHORT NOTICE. QUESTIONS SHOULD BE CONCISE AND TO THE POINT.

Question.—I have been trying automatic writing, and about a week after my first attempt I got page after page of writing. The control claims to be a certain cousin of mine (giving names and dates) but upon investigation I find I never had such a cousin, and all the names and dates are wrong. My first attempt was about a month ago, and for the last week or two (after the few days in which I received so much) I have ceased to make progress, and get little more than scribbling. My . . . and continually writes, "Put the pencil on the table and we will pick it up and write;" but the pencil has not moved as yet. Can you give me any suggestions as to what is the matter and what I shall do to improve? After proving unreliable in giving dates and names I do not know what to think of the instructions to "put the pencil on the table." There is some spirit controlling my hand, for he has been seen clairvoyantly by friends, but I can not identify him.—F. V. B.

Answer.—It often requires a lifetime of self study to solve these anomalies in automatic writing. There is no doubt but that the imagination plays a big role in all spiritual phenomena, and until this is brought under control discrepancies will occur; for imagination is undisciplined inspiration and untrustworthy until supported by education, or the inspirer is surrounded by a mortal battery that enables the spirits to guide these inspirations for accurate effects. But even the educated are always more or less hampered in the early stages of their mediumship by undeveloped spirits, which experience only can straighten out. Those who are sensitive must compare the influences which the spirits throw out with what they say, or the names they give. This can be learned by consulting the Psychometric Dictionary or other works teaching of the nature of spiritual influences on mediumistic people. But self-study is the surest guide, though one that requires time. For to know self is to know whether we are living a life of deception or not, though unwittingly so at times. To misrepresent an article of merchandise, for example, to make a sale, is deception, and creates an aura around us which not only attracts deceiving spirits, but causes the truth to be perverted when given by truthful spirits. Thus it is not always the fault of the spirits that errors occur, but our own. A conventional life is not a truthful one. Going to church for policy's sake is detrimental to mediumistic harmony. Prevarication of any kind inherits its like when entering spirit communion. The man who wants truthful spirit communications must first clear his skirts of all pretense, even to his personal worth or abilities. Simply be natural, and the result of automatic writing will be the same.

Questions.—I am trying to develop automatic writing. Is the moderate use of tobacco a hindrance to it? Can a person accustomed to manual labor develop this phase as quickly as one of leisure? Can spirits penetrate all kinds of matter?—J. D. McIntyre.

Answer.—Habits do not hinder the development of mediumship, but they attract spirits who love to indulge the same habits through the medium, though partaking of the same good

qualities as well, thus making an even balance. But spirits freed from the love of earthly things are as a rule wiser than the others and can thus teach more of the higher spiritual truths. Mediumship does not belong to caste. In fact the best are so far found among the lowly and hardworking of God's children. He seems to favor the latter on account of their position, giving them the comforts which the lack of money deprives them of. Spirits can not penetrate all kinds of matter, nor can all spirits penetrate it. It depends on their power of will or molecular energy to overcome the law of cohesion, and will is a matter of moral development. Stubbornness, willfulness, arrogance or hatred robs the spirit of this energy. A tyrant, for example, when he leaves the body, finds himself a weak, negative piece of spirituality—a child in spirit—and must learn humility to bring his spiritual will into motion. Stubborn willfulness is to a spirit's motive power what sensualism is to his mental power. One robs him of his motive power, the other of consistent thinking or reasoning, and he is in mental darkness—often dull and without animation enough to remember his name or give tests of his identity. Thus mistakes are frequently made by the spirit. Such mistakes are often the best proofs of a spirit's identity.

Question.—I know an old man who is constantly troubled with a strong desire to commit suicide. He seems to be suffering in spirit, for he is constantly seeking companionship for relief. How can he be freed from his distress?—R. C. M.

Answer.—The desire for suicide is an unhealthy emotion; it indicates morbidity or a sick spirit, and such a spirit does not want to leave the body, for nature will act still stronger on it when freed. No doubt that man is suffering from some past excess or unconscious selfishness, and which is most keenly felt at the first budding of spirituality. He is undergoing his hell now, and he should be delighted that he is having a chance to get away from the still worse suffering that he would undergo had he died before the spiritual budding began. Let him take courage now and live it out. In time he will outgrow it. It is a sort of transitory state from mortality to spirithood while yet in the body, and no doubt has companions on the other side who are undergoing the same ordeal as they are trying to shield themselves through his body. Matter is a protection from this transitory suffering—this birth of the spirit into higher conditions. When he gets over it he will be happy on account of the victory, and enjoy life from a different standpoint.

Question.—Three of us have been sitting for automatic writing and receive only obscure messages and answers. How shall we proceed to get rid of such spirits?—A. A.

Answer.—There must be hidden away in the aura of one of you something to attract such spirits—some cause to produce such effects—though not in the recollection of either how it got there. But it is there, and must be eradicated by consistent purity of being—overshadowed as it were by its opposite. We often get a stain of this sort on our spiritual clothing by environment, unspiritual associates, evil thoughts, unclean jokes, inheritance, etc. Spirit communion is the mirror which brings it to the light and teaches us how to prepare for a better future. Study self in conjunction with this, and all will resolve itself into goodness in the end.

Question.—When sitting at a stand I feel a pricking sensation in my hand. What does that denote? I am told that I have great materializing power.—A Subscriber.

Answer.—The pricking sensation is an indication of physical mediumship, generally sensitiveness, which may result in diagnosing diseases or psychometrizing in general. Materialization may follow, but you cannot bank on that until the signs are present, such as moving ponderable objects in your presence, either in the dark or light. Try both. Sit around a table with some congenial friends, place pencil and paper, a call bell, a glass of water and some flowers on the table and await results.

Question.—What can I do to become a medium?—Rose Paige.

Answer.—The desire is often sufficient, for that in the majority of cases tells of medial powers in the cause. Try automatic writing by holding a pencil as in ordinary writing, withdraw the will from your arm, suspend the latter occasionally to give the spirit full sway to act on it, and have patience. Sitting alone with mind concentrated on the subject is a great help.

PERSONALS.

F. J.—Your only cure is to abjure all sensual enjoyment for your magnetism betrays effects of past excesses. Eat sparingly of rich food and combat the desire for stimulation. Give up old habits and in time you will be a new man.

FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

We have received from the author, Ugo Bertossi of Trieste, Austria, a brochure—"Una Nuova Teorica Sulla Creazione Secondo La Scienza Spiritica: A New Theory on the Creation According to the Spiritic Science." We have not had time to carefully study his theories, but have been most struck with the statement that the author is compelled, by reason of the restrictions on printing periodicals and the like which concern the occult sciences in Austria, to send the manuscripts to Italy and have such occult science publications sent to his printer.

Gabriel Delanne, in his new venture, "Revue Scientifique and Morale Du Spiritisme," in an article on the positive character of the Spiritual philosophy asserts the truth of the facts alleged by chemists and other men of science that matter is, in its ultimate analysis, a simple substance; that however rarified it may be it is subject to the laws of gravitation; that the soul clothed in its "fluidic body" or "perispirit" is a reality. He says: "The perispirit, or fluidic body of spirits, is one of the most important products of the cosmic fluid; it is a condensation of this fluid around a center of intelligence or soul." He continues in an eloquent style to demonstrate to us the reality from a scientific point of view of the soul principle and the material body as at times separable, and brought to view by photography and the experimentations of De Rochas and others. We have only room for a summary: We can confirm the existence of the soul and its envelope during life, 1st, by the phenomena of exteriorization of sensibility and motoricity; 2d, by the action of drugs at a distance; 3d, by the visions of sensitives in darkness; 4th, by the apparitions of living persons, improperly called telepathic hallucinations; 5th, by the simultaneous photographing of body give its double. After death we have as proof of the fluidic body, 1st, the testimony of clairvoyant mediums; 2d, the testimony of somnambules; 3d, the photographing of spirits; 4th, the imprints on soft substances or on smoked paper of such forms; 5th, casts of such forms. The whole article is interesting and worth reproduction, but space forbids a more extensive abstract.

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The Abraham Lincoln of Spiritualism in an article to the Spiritual Advocate, Feb. 20, 1897, paid an honest, unsolicited tribute to Dr. Mansfield as follows:

Dr. Wm. A. Mansfield is doing a good business, and his practice steadily grows. He is a regular graduate of the Cleveland University of Medicine and Surgery, and adds his spiritual gifts in diagnosing and prescribing. According to the testimony of some of his patients, he cures cases that have baffled the skill of the best physicians of all schools. He tells me that when he has a case to diagnose he goes into his little room reserved for that purpose, and his spirit physician and counselor writes out the diagnosis on a slate independent of his physical contact—independent slate writing—and is remarkably accurate, often astonishing his patients.—Lyman C. Howe

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APRIL 24, 1897.

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PERSONALS.

—A letter to Mrs. A. B. Severance is at this office awaiting her address.

—Our two latest publications are the Psychometric Dictionary and Hymnal. See advs. elsewhere.



JULIA STEELMAN-MITCHELL.

—Hatfield Pettibone's address is wanted by B. F. McMahan, Cor. Sec. Elk Grove Camp, Beaumont, Kan.

—B.—The Cincinnati paper has no connection with this. The Light of Truth is now published at Columbus.

—I would be especially glad to hear of a good platform test medium who would accept a permanent engagement for work in Canada, stating terms, etc. Please address all inquiries to F. J. York, 408 Yange street Toronto, Ont.

—Mrs. Loe F. Prior, missionary-at-large of the N. S. A., has been transferred from Atlanta, Ga., to Nashville, Tenn. Her address there is General Delivery. Prof. S. W. Edmunds succeeds her at Atlanta. Mrs. Prior says that all well recommended mediums can find ample work in the south, as Spiritualism is meeting with general favor among all classes.

—When stamps are enclosed with mss. we return immediately if not accepted. But a retention of mss. under these circumstances, while it implies acceptance, does not always insure publication; for articles some times become antiquated before we can find space for them. Such articles may be recalled within 60 days. Those without stamps are not retained over 30 days.

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

Willard J. Hull is open for lecture engagements. Address 89 West Goodale street, Columbus, O.

Professor Carl Sextus, hypnotist teacher, may be addressed at 184 Lexington ave., New York city.

Mrs. E. J. Demorest, inspirational speaker and platform test medium. Address 2014 Wylie avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. *17

J. C. F. Grumbine is booked for Brooklyn, N. Y., September; Norwich, Conn., October; First Spiritual Temple, Boston, Mass., November; St. Louis, Mo., December, and possibly January; February, Chicago; March, Berkeley Hall Society, Boston, Mass.; April, open; May, Brooklyn; June, Chicago. April will go to the east, and February and January, 1898, to the west.

JULIA STEELMAN-MITCHELL.

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